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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912.

The Week

Mr. Roosevelt's cries of "naked theft" are more and more taking on the appearance of naked folly. Some of his most vehement charges were dashed to the earth in Chicago on Monday by his own supporters. Deliberately and repeatedly and in detail he had asserted that open and monstrous "frauds" had been practiced by the Taft adherents in Indiana. The Taft delegates, he vowed, represented barefaced robbery. But his case was submitted by his skilled counsel to a jury of fifty men, at least thirteen of whom were his ardent friends, and by a *unanimous* vote it was decided that there was not a shred of evidence to sustain his calumnious assertions. It was not a steam-roller crushing down righteous protests; it was simply an overwhelming demonstration that a series of slanders and lies had been emitted by the steam-roarer.

When the American troops were withdrawn from Cuba in 1909 it was confidently asserted by most of their officers that they would be back within six months. Any one who believed that the republic would last a year was ridiculed. Six months would be quite long enough to loot the Treasury, or for the "outs" to oust the "ins." But more than three years have passed; the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the republic has come and gone, and though the Gomez Administration totters, perhaps to its fall, it may yet succeed, with the moral support afforded by the American Government, in weathering the present crisis. If it should not, another intervention will be necessary, and the work of rebuilding will go on again in better hands, we trust, than in 1906.

For it cannot truthfully be said that our Government of intervention set an ideal example to the natives of what a Government ought to be. It played politics on the American order, subject to the modifying influences of Cuban conditions, and it was recalled far too soon. It left many improvements unfinished; its superb system of roads was hardly begun. As we pointed out at the time, the whole structure of government and virtually the entire administrative law of the Island were made over from an Anglo-Saxon point of view and turned over to Latin-Americans before they had really had time to know what it all meant—the Gomezes and Guerras not caring, of course, to know. Just why the recall of our troops took place when it did has been explained only on the ground that President Roosevelt wished to have the American flag hauled down during his Administration; but never was a less-finished job palmed off as a complete one. We set out to teach the Cubans how to govern, and we left them not only a dubious administrative example, but had started them housekeeping in a structure they were largely unfamiliar with, with a café-swaggerer and an opera-bouffe revolutionist as the head of the house. To say that the collapse of this Government means that the Cubans can never learn to govern themselves is as unjust as it would have been ten years ago to affirm that our American cities could never learn to govern themselves properly.

The letter of Mr. Vanderlip, chairman of the Clearing House Committee, to Mr. Pujo, chairman of the House Banking Committee, emphasizes the unhappy turn which the Committee's inquiry into New York banking affairs is taking. We hold no brief for the New York banks or the Clearing House Association in this matter, and we have repeatedly expressed our judgment that a careful inquiry into the facts, known or alleged, regarding the so-called "Money Trust," was not only advisable but necessary—though, in common with the chairman of the Banking Committee, we have held that the inquiry should not be made in the heat and excitement of a Presidential contest. But we have also felt, and so, we believe, have the majority of impartial readers of the recent proceedings before the Committee, that the manner in which the inquiry has thus far been pursued was frequently unfair, based on apparent assumption that something was wrong in each specific incident taken up for examination, and calculated to prejudge the case before both sides had been heard. If the hearings are to be continued at the present time, we submit that, in justice to the Committee's own reputation, the policy of a one-sided inquiry and of a prosecution be changed to something more in line with Mr. Pujo's own professions.

By a vote of 27 to 20, in which party lines were broken down, the Senate on Monday upheld the report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation bill, thus terminating General Wood's service as chief of staff on March 4, 1913, if the House should also accept the report. The truth is that the feeling against General Wood goes deep and rests on a firm basis—too good a basis, indeed, to weaken the cause of the anti-Wood Senators in voting him out of office. That, as we have already said, is a mistake. Congress ought not to legislate against an individual office-holder. It has no right, moreover, to trespass upon the President's functions by naming the committee of army officers which, in connection with certain Senators (Warren among them) and Representatives, is to investigate the question of what army posts should be retained and what sold. At the same time, it ought to be perfectly obvious that if General Wood were a man of the type of General MacArthur, General Young, General Miles, General Bell, not to speak of Schofield, Sherman, and Sheridan, such legislation against him would be impossible, even if there were a dozen Ainsworths to pull political wires.

The detailed figures of the Pennsylvania Republican primary are now available. Despite the supposed excitement over the Taft-Roosevelt contest, only 474,032 Republicans shared in the primary, whereas 745,779 voted for Taft in 1908. Of these 474,032, only 191,179 were for the President, as against 282,853 for Roosevelt. In some counties, such as Adams, Bedford, and Greene, but one-third of the voters of 1908 took the trouble to go to the polls in order to rule. Mr. Roosevelt owes his selection to 282,853 voters only, a trifle more than one-third the 1908 vote, his own vote in 1904 having been no less than 840,949. The saviour of his country has thus been appointed sav-

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icur in Pennsylvania by a small minority of those normally Republican; yet he is more than ever convinced that there is an irresistible popular demand for him. In only one county, Allegheny, did the Republican vote exceed that cast for Taft in 1908, and this "Republican" vote, it is openly charged, embraced Democrats, Prohibitionists, and Socialists, who were induced by one means or another to help place Mr. Flinn, the "reformer," at the head of the party in the State. In Philadelphia, which was carried by Taft, the vote fell off by 72,203, and in Lancaster, another Taft county, not 50 per cent. of the Republican vote went to the polls. All of which repeats the experience in Illinois, Ohio, and New Jersey. When the people rule in a Presidential primary this year, they are few in number.

The plan for a group of "Museums of Peaceful Arts," announced by Dr. George F. Kunz at the meeting in New York last week of the American Association of Museums, is certain to be welcomed by the public as soon as its purpose and scope are clearly understood. Philadelphia has for years had its "Commercial Museums," based particularly upon the idea of aiding our foreign commerce by showing manufacturers what and what not to send abroad. The scheme which Dr. Kunz outlined is something far more elaborate—the estimated cost is to be $20,000,000—with separate buildings devoted to electricity, steam, astronomy and navigation, safety appliances, aviation, mechanical arts, textiles, commerce and efficiency, mining, labor, agriculture, etc. That there is excellent precedent for such an undertaking, for which Dr. Kunz announces the support of men like James Speyer, E. H. Gary, Charles M. Schwab, Jacob H. Schiff, Henry M. Towne, and Robert Underwood Johnson, is not perhaps well known. Not much more than a month ago some distinguished delegates from a similar institution in Germany were visitors in New York in search of material for their museum—the Munich Deutsches Museum—which is devoted to presenting and preserving the history of the development of industry and natural science, as well as the housing of a technical and scientific library; noteworthy papers and drawings by the leaders in commerce and industry and science, with particular reference to inventions. Models of our skyscrapers, of our subways, our aeroplanes, of the New York Public Library, were some of the exhibits the committee took back to Munich, as well as one of the sleds which Peary used on his trip to the North Pole. The history of any art, or science, or industry can best be learned if its development is illustrated in an objective manner, and to the Deutsches Museum, which is international in its scope, come visitors from all over the world.

Three years ago the National Committee on Prison Labor was organized for the purpose of studying the problem of contract labor in penal institutions. The specific findings of the Committee have confirmed the general belief that the system of contract labor stands condemned as a practice uneconomic, honeycombed with graft, and deleterious in its effects on the morale of the prison population. The results of the National Committee's agitation, carried on in conjunction with the American Federation of Labor, and summarized in a little pamphlet just published by the Committee, are impressive. The principal aim towards which the efforts of the Committee are directed is the employment of prison labor on public work only. Wisconsin has lived up to its reputation for progressive reform by setting to work on a complete remodelling of its convict labor system, to be based on a report now being compiled by the secretary of the National Committee acting as an extraordinary member of the State Board of Public Affairs. The present Governors of Massachusetts and Kentucky were elected on platforms containing a prison-labor plank. The substitution of public employment for private contract employment is now under way in Virginia, New York, and Alabama. And the problem is also under official consideration in Rhode Island, in Maine, in Iowa, in Maryland, and in Tennessee.

The report of the special commissioner appointed by the Governor of California to examine into the disturbances at San Diego confirms the general impression of what the issues and methods are in the conflict between the citizens and authorities of that city, on the one hand, and the I. W. W. on the other. From a reading of I. W. W. literature the Commissioner finds:

> It is the organized and deliberate purpose of the I. W. W. to teach and preach and burn into the hearts and minds of its followers that they are justified in lying, in stealing, in trampling underfoot their own agreements, in confiscating the profits of others, in disobeying the mandates of the courts, and in paralyzing the industries of the nations.

Nevertheless, as far as San Diego is concerned, no attempt was made to translate these principles into overt acts. More than two hundred arrests were made by the San Diego police, but those were solely for violating the street-speaking ordinance. On the issue of free-speech the Commissioner finds that the City Council was within its Constitutional rights in forbidding public meetings within an area of six blocks in the congested section of the city, but that the police have overstepped their authority in prohibiting I. W. W. meetings anywhere within city limits. On this point and on the arbitrary acts of the so-called Vigilance Committee—the report was written before the Reitman incident—the Commissioner speaks out strongly. At the same time the report makes it very clear that the I. W. W. agitation in San Diego has been a nuisance and a pest, and that it explains, even if it does not excuse, the conduct of the city authorities.

Golfers well on in years will be encouraged, or, at least, moved to be less discouraged—by the news that a veteran at the game has again won the amateur championship of England. John Ball has now a record to exceed even that of our amazing "old man" of golf, Walter J. Travis. It is twenty-four years since Mr. Ball won his first championship, and here he is still able to survive a great field of the finest players in England, and come out first. The wonder is, of course, that such a triumph can be scored by a man of his age, in a game requiring the nicest adjustment of the senses and control of the muscles, combined with the mental and moral qualities which every golfer will explain to you are necessary for the highest achievement at the sport. It is stated in the dispatches that the finals in the championship were regarded as a battle between the new school and the old in golf, and that the old school won. It is hard to understand what this means unless it be that the youthful

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golfer leans to tremendous "swiping," with the frequent penalty of wildness, while the older players strive for direction and steadiness. But the latter, as everybody knows, will win more than half the time. If Mr. Ball won by never missing and keeping on the line and not minding it if his opponent outdrove him forty yards, then he was illustrating not the old school of golf but the common-sense school.

Study of the social evil goes on apace. The admirable Chicago and Minneapolis reports on conditions in those cities are now followed by a report from the Vice Commission of Portland, Oregon, which bears upon the question of disease. In Philadelphia and in Atlanta, vice commissions have also been appointed, the membership of the former being exceptionally fine, including such workers as Rabbi Berkowitz, George H. Earle, jr., Miss Anna F. Davies, head-workers of the college settlement; Mrs. Martha P. Falconer, superintendent of the House of Refuge for Girls, and the Rev. Joseph Cochran, to mention only a few. A well-known reformer and attorney, William Clark Mason, is chairman. Mayor Blankenburg, in constituting the committee, wrote an admirably sympathetic letter and assigned a secret service police squad to serve the Commission. The Atlanta Commission is composed only of men, sentiment there being curiously against the appointment of women, although the questions at issue concern women primarily. The sessions are to be open, and everybody is requested to come forward and give testimony. Excellent as this procedure is, as a matter of policy we doubt if it will, because of the publicity, attain the ends sought, but it is a fine thing that so important a Southern city is going to know the conditions within its limits. In Indianapolis, too, the women are pressing the Mayor to close up the vicious district, but without much success, so far.

Americans are not alone in wishing that some pages might be blotted from the history of their political campaigns. In the German Reichstag, a few days ago, Count Posadowsky deplored the violence of electoral appeals and recriminations, and gave it as his opinion that "all election literature ought to be torn up and not left as material for the satire of a future Tacitus of the German Empire." But would not a penetrating Tacitus pounce upon that very utterance to give point to his satire? He might say that our generation did not shrink from doing what it hoped would be hidden or forgotten hereafter. We do the unfair thing, that is, but are averse to having the bad reputation for it fastened upon us. However that may be, the record stands, and the future historian will have the scanning of it. The moving finger writes, and not all our shame or repentance can alter a line of what is written. But the Tacitus who one day comes to give the sum of it will be bound to take all the contemporary evidence into his cognizance. He will have to set it down of the United States in 1912, for example, that although political controversy sank to unwonted depths, and though the President was assailed by the ex-President in the language of the bar-room and the prize-ring, the proof is overwhelming that this vulgar squabble did not represent the attitude or meet the wishes of the great mass of Americans, who stood aghast at the spectacle.

The appointment of Viscount Haldane to the post of Lord High Chancellor is another step in the process by which the scholars and men of letters in the Liberal party have gradually been withdrawing from the Parliamentary firing line. The Lord High Chancellor is a political as well as a judicial officer, but it is not so exposed a position as the Secretaryship of War, during the incumbency of which Lord Haldane has had some very severe criticism to meet and some very difficult problems to deal with. Following John Morley's elevation to a peerage and removal to the quiet atmosphere of the House of Lords, Viscount Haldane's appointment leaves only Augustine Birrell, of the original "highbrow" contingent in the Asquith Cabinet, in active service on the floor of the House of Commons. Rumor has already dealt with Mr. Birrell's transfer to the House of Lords, but that, of course, can hardly occur until the Home Rule bill has been disposed of, as Mr. Birrell now holds the strategic post of Irish Secretary. A great change has come over the face of British politics since Mr. Asquith came into office, and the men who have forced their way to the front are the fighting men of the type of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. Yet it is no mean tribute to Mr. Asquith's talents that he should have succeeded so admirably in imposing harmonious coöperation on men of such diverse temperaments and training as Lord Haldane, Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey.

Speculation has been busy with the conferences at Malta in which Premier Asquith, Winston Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Kitchener, and the commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in the Mediterranean have been taking part. Among other guesses is the one that Great Britain is partly to hand over the defence of her interests in the Mediterranean to France, and that the Anglo-French *entente* will thus be changed to a formal alliance. But, as it appears, the "momentous" meeting at Malta has left things very much where they were. At the present moment, Great Britain's strength in the Mediterranean has been reduced to almost a nominal basis, as a result of the policy of naval concentration in home waters inaugurated half-a-dozen years ago. During this time the Suez Canal has been virtually under the protection of the French Mediterranean fleet, and a formal alliance could hardly alter the situation. What is probable is that the Malta conference did not deal with such momentous questions as alliances, or even with the policy of building Dreadnoughts against Italy and Austria, but with the more immediate problems arising out of Italy's military operations in the Mediterranean.

The attempted assassination of Count Tisza by a Deputy is the culminating point of parliamentary terrorism. Enlightened opinion in Hungary has taken to heart the lesson of the recent riots in Budapest, but apparently the Hungarian Diet never learns. The press has been calling upon Parliament to abandon "the strife of programmes and temperaments," and to recognize that the time has come for a definite solution of the universal suffrage question. But the fact that on Tuesday of last week no less than seventy-five Deputies had to be thrown out from the Chamber before order was restored and the Government's Army bill could be dealt with, shows plainly that the strife of temperaments is still to be seriously reckoned with.

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THE REVIVAL OF VIOLENCE.

A prediction about the Chicago Convention comes to us in a letter from a cool-headed Republican who is to be a member of it. He writes that the "meeting will doubtless be a riot, and violence is almost certain to occur." This may be undue apprehension, but there is much talk current to bear it out. The commonest metaphors employed about the work of the Convention reek of force. There is to be a ruthless use of the steam-roller, we are told by one side, and "strong-arm" methods are to be remorselessly applied. From some of Mr. Roosevelt's zealous youth we are getting dire threats of violence. Medill McCormick declares that if the Roosevelt contestants from the State of Washington are not seated, they will "shoot the roof off the Convention." This is doubtless the exaggeration which a rich young fellow falls into when he thinks to be forcible by talking like a cowboy. Let Mr. McCormick begin his shooting, and one "good Chicago polis-man," in Mr. Dooley's phrase, would promptly attend to his case, quenching him and his cigarettes by a dip into Lake Michigan. But allowance made for all such posing and blustering, there remains enough to disturb people who have been accustomed to think that there is something more in politics than the display of brute force.

This tendency to substitute violence for reason and the argument of pike and gun for logic, has had many recent manifestations not directly political. It seems to be getting the fashion to think in terms of force, not intelligence. The most popular philosophy of the day inclines to ask the mind to take a back seat in favor of "life-force." M. Bergson would doubtless be the last man to practice violence, or to defend it, but his conception of vast creative powers struggling like giants in puny men has fitted into a good many notions prevalent about the duty of getting what you want by violent means. We used to deplore violence, but now we apologize for it. The idea seems to be that if you don't go out and fight for your cause by smashing things and resisting the police, you show yourself a half-hearted and craven creature to whom nobody need pay any attention. This spirit of violence is invading field after field. The way to argue is with your fists. If you go to a "Futurist" and try to persuade him that his ideas about art are all a mistake, the proper answer for him to make is to hit the critic in the eye.

We do not say that this glorification of violence stands out naked and unashamed. The thing is cloaked. It is not violence which is openly praised, but energy. That is the favorite word. It is supposed to go along with great simplicity of nature and deep earnestness of purpose. What we are asked to admire is a man or a set of men conceiving everything with great directness, moved by elemental passions, and moving on to a predetermined goal with a rush of intensity that nothing can resist. Reflection and hesitation are considered out of place. They only waste time and paralyze the will. The thing to do is to make up your mind quickly where you want to go, and then take the bit in your teeth and gallop there madly, no matter upon whom you trample on the way. It is this kind of native force brushing aside obstacles and rapidly attaining its ends that is to-day apotheosized.

No disguises, however, philosophical or other, can really hide the essential quality of all this. It is the negation of the intellect, the disavowal of science, the enemy of society and of all secure human progress. Everything to give way to energy? That may easily mean sheer brutality, the law of tooth and claw. For the implications of this view are almost always physical. It is the biggest muscle, the largest number, that must conquer. But reason is also a form of energy. So is humane feeling. So is patriotism. To these, however, our modern school of the divine right of the strongest gives little heed, or, if it does, clothes them all in violence. We are somehow to "get there." It is for man to "deliver the goods," no matter where he gets them or how damaged they are. Argument is good, if it happens to be on your side, but the only argument of final validity is the assertion of power to beat your opponent to a frazzle.

This recrudescence of the spirit of violence will pass. The world cannot be put back permanently into the stone age. Even in politics we shall find out again that the only way to get on is by sitting down to reason together, by conciliation and concession, by the methods of men who respect themselves and respect one another and are not rowdies. All these explosions about knocking people over the ropes and shooting off roofs are simply a temporary reversion to barbarism of which we shall all soon be ashamed. Patience is perhaps the chief political virtue. It was the sublime quality of that statesman whose name is so often nowadays taken in vain, Abraham Lincoln. If he were with us to-day, we should doubtless have from him many a shrewd and humorous thrust at the follies of the energetic school, of which the motto is that if you see anything you want in politics, take it; but we may be sure that he would counsel us to possess our souls in patience until this madness, too, was over-past.

THE REPUBLICAN OPEN SORE.

One feature of the contested seats in the Chicago Convention is like a ghost come again to haunt the Republican party. We refer, of course, to the delegates from the Southern States. Already we have heard from both factions in Florida and in Alabama: "There is no Republican party in this State." The same might be said with truth of nearly every other Southern State. There is a machine, but there are no voters. Office-holders struggle with ex-office-holders, or would-be office-holders; delegates and contestants are moved about like pawns, or bought like cattle; but all pretence of there being a real party acting through chosen representatives, was long since abandoned. This disgraceful condition of affairs has continued for years. It has often been a public scandal. Frequently it has caused the most bitter party and personal recriminations. It is simply being made public at Chicago just now somewhat more glaringly than usual.

For years this state of things has been regarded as a Republican open sore. But no determined efforts have been made to heal it. Again and again plans have been brought forward to purify or reduce the Southern representation in the Republican Convention. But nothing has come of them. The latest one, however, came nearer success than any of its predecessors. In the Convention of 1908, where Roosevelt marshalled the Southern postmasters and collectors, who, he now complains so angrily, are being used against him, a resolution was introduced by Senator Bourne de-

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signed to abate the nuisance. He proposed that each State should continue to have four delegates-at-large, but that district delegates should be apportioned, not by population, but by the number of votes cast for President in the preceding election. This would obviously whittle down the number of Southern delegates almost to the vanishing point; and it was so intended. The proposal was rejected by the Convention, yet only by a vote of 506 to 470.

The evil has persisted only because Republican politicians have wished it to persist. That block of 200 votes or so in the South has been as a glittering prize for them. It was so easy, or might be so easy, to seize it, and it might prove so decisive! For years Republican Presidents and candidates have eagerly clutched after the Southern delegates. They were arrayed for Arthur in 1884. Sherman was reaching for them in 1888, and thought he had them, but afterwards complained bitterly that Alger had "bought up his niggers." Harrison had them in 1892, and his dependence upon their vote was made the ground of as violent an attack upon his candidacy as is now directed against President Taft's for the same reason. In 1908 Roosevelt flung himself into the fight to force the nomination of Taft, and rounded up the Southern delegates in the approved style; also setting his steam-roller in operation before the Convention to smash flat every contestant. If the result of the whole has been to degrade and debauch the Southern Republicans, whose fault is it but that of the party which has lacked courage resolutely to take hold of the scandal and make an end of it? Nearly the first act of the National Committee at Chicago last week was quietly to pass a resolution declaring that it had no intention of doing anything to interfere with the Southern representation in the party! The sore is to remain open.

Admission of the evil, however, does not imply that those who play the game, into which it enters, are not bound to abide by the rules. Until to-day it has never been contended, as Col. Roosevelt now virtually contends, that a Republican nomination achieved by the aid of Southern Republican delegates has no power to bind the party. Harrison was renominated in 1892 demonstrably by the votes of the Southern phalanx. In opposing him, Senator Wolcott read out a list of all the office-holders who were there in the Convention to do as they were bid by the dispenser of Federal patronage. This was done to bolster up the argument that Harrison was not the real choice of the party; but there was no threat or dream of bolting his nomination. The thing was vicious, but it was regular, and that was enough. Similarly, in 1908, Roosevelt had a noble assortment of Southern office-holders to vote for Taft at his orders, and he would have been the loudest in denouncing any Republican who should have contended that the action of the Convention, even though the balance of power in it was held by dummy delegates representing States where there was no possibility of a single electoral vote for the party, was not binding on the conscience of every member of it. Only when his own inventions return to plague him does he cry out that fraud and villany are striking down the righteous. The whole method of Southern representation ought unquestionably to be reformed. As it works, it is bad for the party, bad for the Southern Republicans—both tempted and betrayed, as they too often are—and bad for public morals. But in the matter of this wrong, as in that of boss government and the tariff, Theodore Roosevelt never lifted his voice or raised a finger during the seven years of his Presidency; and if he is now injured by a vicious system which he not only permitted to go unchallenged and uncorrected, but cheerfully took advantage of, the only thing to say to him is: "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!"

PROSPECTS AT BALTIMORE.

It was inevitable that the Democratic campaign for the Presidency should thus far have appeared to be side-tracked. With a dog-fight on one side of the street and a shooting-match on the other, people walking quietly about their business cannot expect to attract much attention. The Republican hurly-burly has deafened the country to the other party. Yet it is the unmistakable general opinion that the chances are very strong that the next President of the United States will be named at Baltimore, not at Chicago. The prevailing view is that expressed by Col. Watterson when he says that no party so debauched and butchered as the Republicans now are can possibly elect a President, no matter who their candidate may be.

The election of delegates to Baltimore is now nearly completed. Rival headquarters, after the fashion set by Republicans, put forth stout and absolutely inconsistent claims. Their contradictory figures recall the story of Lord John Russell, whose brother, the Duke of Bedford, had deposited $50,000 in the bank to Lord John's credit and who asked him if his account did not look better that quarter. Russell replied: "I never look at it. The clerks make so many mistakes in their arithmetic that it is no good looking at their figures." Many of the Democratic figures are obviously untrustworthy, but the standing of the various candidates is roughly known. Clark and Wilson are in the lead, the Speaker having apparently a few more delegates than the Governor, but neither having a majority in sight, much less the necessary two-thirds. Underwood comes next, and then Harmon.

To speak of the last-named first, his success in Ohio, whose forty-eight delegates were bound to him last week by the unit rule, illustrates the elements both of his strength and his weakness. A powerful minority is opposed to him even in his own State, and outside it he has made but trifling headway. Yet no man has or deserves more respect for sterling public qualities than Judson Harmon. Few question that he would make a satisfactory President. His age is, on general principles, a disqualification, yet he comes of a long-lived family and is at sixty-six in full vigor and capable of a great amount of hard work. His Administration in Ohio, too, has been of a sort to win the approval of sober-minded and substantial citizens. Especially notable have been his achievements in tax-reform. His resolute adherence to his convictions and his independence are not questioned. And yet even his friends now perceive that it is scarcely possible that he should be nominated at Baltimore. There is nothing against him except a state of mind, but that is the most deadly opposition that any candidate can have. What we mean is, of course, the general feeling that Gov. Harmon is too much out of touch with the living political forces of the day. He would be called behind the times and stigmatized

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as a reactionary. This, we believe, would be highly unjust to Gov. Harmon, but the charge would surely come and it would be difficult to meet it in a way to satisfy the large public. Now, there is no use in fighting against psychology in politics, and it is at present dead against Judson Harmon. His best friends are aware of this; and many of them are free to say that they do not think his nomination at Baltimore is possible or would be wise.

If psychology is against Harmon, common sense is against Clark. Though he will have a large number of delegates at first, his candidacy has not really appeared serious. The chief reason is that the people of this country cannot sit down and imagine Champ Clark President. The misfit would be too glaring. As against Roosevelt, Clark would be simply ludicrous. Most Democrats who are free to express their opinions and who have any knowledge of the facts, are fully of that mind; and it is inconceivable that the Baltimore Convention should put forward the Speaker except upon the theory that the Democrats can elect a yellow dog this year.

If it narrows down to a choice between Underwood and Wilson, there would be much to say for the former. He has never been tried out in a large way as an executive, but in the House he has shown fine qualities of leadership. He is both sagacious and patient, fair and firm. No man ever better grasped such a great opportunity as came to him in the present Congress. His complete overshadowing of the Speaker is a suggestive test of the calibre of the two men. Underwood is a Southerner, yet prejudice against him on that score could hardly count heavily in the election, though it might be a factor to reckon with in two or three closely contested Northern States. What Democrats are really troubled about, in connection with Mr. Underwood, is the question whether he has sufficient weight and thrust to impress himself deeply upon the country in a Presidential campaign; whether his speeches or writings would be of a sort to formulate issues in a way to catch attention and compel a victory; whether his personality is of the vivifying and inspiring sort.

Comparison of Oscar Underwood with Woodrow Wilson along these lines is distinctly favorable to the New Jersey Governor. No better political speaker has come to the front in a generation. His gift of pointed utterance enables him to appeal both to the highly educated and to the masses. And he has already strongly touched the imagination of the people. His success as leader and reformer was as brilliant as it was rapid, and the conviction is widespread that he has the stuff in him to go far. As a living embodiment of hostility to boss rule, as particularly well fitted to lead the battle against tariff abuses and all forms of privilege, his nomination at Baltimore would hearten the Democratic party and give to thousands of Republicans the opportunity, for which they are longing, to vote for a high-toned Democrat. And if it should become a question of pitting Wilson against Roosevelt, what Democrat could better point the contrast between restrained intellectual vigor and passionate outbursts, or could more successfully beat off the raid which, it is clear, the Rough Rider would seek to make upon the vote of Progressive Democrats?

LET THE PUPIL RULE.

In response to the request of a professor at the University of Illinois, eight thousand high-school students of that and adjoining States have confessed their real feeling about the books they have had to read in the list of College Entrance Requirements in English. It is unnecessary to explain his method of tabulating the results. The vital thing is the figures, and they are plain enough. At the top of the forty-one classics considered stands "A Tale of Two Cities," with the proud percentage of eighty-nine. Next comes "The Last of the Mohicans," with a percentage of eight-seven. These are followed by "Ivanhoe," "Hamlet," "Enoch Arden," "Silas Marner," "Macbeth," and "The Lady of the Lake." Tied for thirty-seventh place are "The Deserted Village" and "The Ancient Mariner," but they are pressed by "Sesame and Lilies" and Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," while Emerson's "Essays" lags at the very end with a mark of forty-eight. In between come "Treasure Island" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Paradise Lost" and "Cranford," Poe, Burns, Chaucer. These statistics make their collector moralize. Surely, he sighs, the record in the case of "The Ancient Mariner" is "a little pathetic when we consider for how many years and with what enthusiasm we have been compelling practically all our high-school students to spend weeks on this book."

Interesting as the results of this literary referendum are, they cannot be called final, for the reason that the pupils were restricted in their choices for the Entrance Requirements list. Before we are entitled to say what books high-school students approve and what they disapprove, we are bound to give them the right of initiative. Who knows how far down the list "A Tale of Two Cities" would be found if it were forced to compete with Jack London and Kipling, and we know not what other writers dear to the high-school heart? Let another contest be held, in which 10 per cent. of the pupils of any high school shall have the power to name a book for entry in the race. Then let all the selections be voted on. It may occur to the reader that there may be differences of choice due to the sex or age of the students, but the Illinois statistician assures us that these are negligible. Boys and girls, first year and last, in general display like tastes in these matters. What we need, therefore, is a nation-wide initiative and referendum among our children on the issue of what books they shall study. The election might well be preceded by a short and dignified campaign, conducted in the high-school literary societies and student journals.

And what of the recall? Is the pupil, having tried Addison and Ruskin and Emerson, and having cast his ballot against them as reactionaries, to be still confronted with them? Not if the Illinois professor has his way. Being the tribune of the pupils, he says in so many words that if he were himself at the present time in charge of a high-school English course, he would drop out the books in the lower group. On this platform, we believe he could sweep the country, regardless of how many terms he has already served. It would be unfair to leave the impression that our Illinois investigator is governed solely by the show of hands he has evoked, beautifully democratic as such conduct would be. After some cogitation, he was rewarded by the emergence of a principle which, all unconsciously, guided the selections presented to him. That principle he states as follows, in

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his account of the experiment in the *English Journal:*

> That the popular books in this list are uniformly books containing *vivid and dramatic presentations of human life with strong ethical import,* while the books that are distinctly disliked are those in which the primary appeal is æsthetic, stylistic, which convey their message indirectly through their beauty or humor, or which present human life, not with bold plainness, but delicately, lightly, subtly.

There is one consideration which might be advanced by partisans of the books that are low on the list, and that is that they have been poorly taught. But what is this except to explain a candidate's failure by the mistakes of his managers? And how is it possible to criticise managers who have had such brilliant successes as those who have won the general admiration for Dickens and Scott, for Cooper and Shakespeare? We may as well admit the substantial truth of our professor's analysis, and proceed to commiserate the teachers who have had to recommend, and to congratulate the students who have had the discrimination to reject, books which are so stupid as to undertake to convey their message indirectly through their beauty or humor, or to present human life, not with bold plainness, but delicately. In taking this position, they are merely aligning themselves with the great mass of untrained readers who have never attended high school. Could there be better evidence of the soundness of their judgment?

EATING ON THE STAGE.

Nothing piques an audience more than stage meals. Is it a real roast? Is the drink truly wine? And what a pity that even an elaborately set dinner usually lasts but a few minutes! How can actors so time their swallows as to be free at the cue to enunciate clearly? These are problems which have arisen in fairly recent times. The make-believe picnic over which the banished duke in "As You Like It" presided has been replaced in certain modern presentations by actual eating and drinking, until, as some one has suggested, the charge might be made against the duke of having carried away much of the court plate. It was inevitable, of course, that the attention now given to verisimilitude of setting should not pass over appurtenances of the board. Care in the matter was further dictated by the growing importance of dining in fashionable life; as well as by writers' realization that interesting points of human character are often revealed over food. Flat and stale the world may look at breakfast, as seen from the dead-level of disillusion; the capacity for keeping up appearances, for finding life interesting and complex and perilous, can often be brought out best amid the intimacies of tea or dinner.

What may be called the mere mechanics of stage-eating and drinking have sometimes proved to be a great problem for managers. In the olden days, when the audience was satisfied to hear the empty cannikins clink and to see painted sirloins doing decorative duty on a side-table, the matter was simple enough. But so long ago as the presentation of Gilbert's "Sweethearts" one personage at least was seriously inconvenienced by the new requirement. Obliged by her rôle to eat three tarts in rapid succession, the actress requested gleefully that they be of strawberry flavor, thinking thus cheaply to indulge a favorite appetite. But, like the man set to eating thirty quail, not many nights had passed before the sight of a strawberry tart threatened to bring her to madness. A change was made to orange, with little success; finally an American's ingenuity devised a quickly soluble wafer which removed the embarrassment. The spaghetti-man in "The Music Master," we learn, has since died; the cause of the death was not stated—perhaps it was unnecessary to state it. Solid food is said not to be served on the stage, cooked apples, or, if the manager is penurious, stewed turnips, taking its place.

And what of drink on the stage? Every one will recall the double-barrelled goblets, containing between the two layers colored liquid, which used to simulate glasses of wine. They for the most part have now passed. Sir Henry Irving, rumor had it, insisted that good wine was none too good for the stage. Yet usually, we believe, ginger ale is stage champagne. Its advantages over the genuine article are obvious. One alone prescribes the use of it. For what audience could resist an uproar if, for all the waiter's care, the contents of a bottle were to plump the hero in the face or shower the diners one and all?

In spite of its difficulties, stage-eating appears to be a settled feature, and the play without it is rare. What its general effect upon theatre-goers is would be interesting to learn. Does it live up to its theoretical purpose of presenting traits which could hardly be brought out in any other way? Take Blundell's dinner in Pinero's "Letty." There was undoubted humor in the sight of this *nouveau riche* attempting to order the "stylish" things in a fashionable restaurant; yet to keep the scene from dragging, the French waiter was obliged to roll r's interminably. A certain naturalness was attained in the informal meal in "The Witness for the Defence," and by it the picture of wretched domesticity was sharpened; and in "Trelawney of the Wells," which has been revived, the gayety of a banquet was required to bring out the delicious irrelevancies of certain of the characters. In all stage-eating the time-element is difficult to handle. Sometimes the problem can be simplified by a natural interruption, as in "Macbeth," putting an end to the feasting; much the same effect was got in "The Witness for the Defence," by the criminal brutality of the husband. In most instances, however, the very few minutes spent at the table can hardly fail to leave the audience troubled. Nor does it help to say that stage-dining falls in perfectly with the scheme of other foreshortening. Eating is something upon which everybody's attention is pretty definitely fixed; and the fact that a savory-looking roast is but picked at for a moment is hard to justify. Playwrights themselves have, of course, noted the discrepancy. This past season the time occupied by the usual breakfast on the stage was burlesqued by Barrie. Napkins were unfolded and then immediately folded; *voilà*, the meal was over. In the days when make-believe was so much the way of the stage, a good deal could be and was left to the audience's imagination. To-day, the supplying of too many preliminary details incites an audience to stickle for the rest.

With eating and drinking goes smoking, of which the stage contributes an enormous volume these days. The long-stemmed clay pipes of "She Stoops to Conquer" have yielded for the most part to the ubiquitous cigarette. How brave looks the hero as, in evening clothes, he takes a silver case from one pocket and a silver matchbox from another! What a thrill runs through the audience when Lady Frieda performs a few

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puffs and lays the cigarette aside! That arrangement was most happy. For the audience concluded that the actress who impersonated her simply followed the dictates of the rôle and ceased smoking as soon as she decently could. Yet stage-smoking has its advantages. It keeps the hands busy and graceful; and there is no chance of overdoing it.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The train pulled into the station, and the Red Knight looked at his watch. "Forty minutes late," he said; "another infamous trick." He seized a telegraph blank, and wrote: "Congressman McKinley, Taft Headquarters—Brigand! Assassin! Polygamist! Collect." He turned to Alice. "I feel much better now," he said. "Let us go."

Opposite them in the car sat a young lady who was reading "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and chewing gum. So they knew they were in Chicago. They came to a hotel that was taller than any building Alice had ever seen. It was so tall that millionaires living on the top floor were in the habit of swearing off their taxes, on the plea of non-residence in the State of Illinois. They entered the elevator, and by and by they reached the floor on which their rooms were situated. As they opened the door, the first thing they saw was George the Harvester and Ormsby the Barrister weeping in each other's arms, and wiping each other's eyes with packages of rejected credentials.

At the sight of the Barrister the Red Knight showed no anger. He merely took off his helmet and threw it at the bell-boy. Then he pressed his forehead against the window-pane, and the glass cracked. Then he turned to the Barrister. "You must have had a very pleasant trip down South," he said, quietly gnashing his teeth.

"I did," said the Barrister, brightening up wonderfully.

"How did it all happen?" said the Red Knight.

"Shall I tell the story by Congressional districts or by States?" said the Barrister.

"By States," said the Red Knight.

The Barrister cleared his throat and began:

I took a barrel into Ga.
("'Ga' being Georgia, of course," he explained.)
They jumped right up and yelled "Hurrah."

I took a trunkful into Fla.
They came to cheer from near and far.

I spent two trunkfuls in Ala.
They danced and sang: "You bet we are!"

I took a crateful into Ark.
They said, "Your reasons hit the mark."

"But this is all so very, very obscure," said Alice.

"It was intended to be," said the Barrister, and went on:

I sent to them and said "Indorse,"
They stood right up and said "Of course."

I wrote to them and said "Contest."
They said "Cash up, we'll do the rest."

I said to them "Remember now."
They said, "Keep cool, we'll show you how."

They voted once, they voted twice,
They voted hard to earn the price.

"But who are 'they'?" asked Alice. "Are there really such people?"

"Of course there are," said the Barrister. "I invented them myself," and he went on:

They started for Chicago, Ill.,
To ratify the people's will,
But—

"That's all there is," said the Barrister, stopping abruptly.

"Yes, that is all there is," said the Red Knight, "and a nice mess you made of it."

"Mercy, Sire," cried the Barrister, falling on his knees.

"Failure deserves no pity," said the Red Knight sternly. "If it were not for the chance that you may do better in 1916, I should make short work of you at once. As it is, you will, as a penalty, between to-day and the first of next year, read and briefly summarize every one of my past Presidential messages."

"Including the paragraph about the tariff which Cannon made you take out?" sobbed the Barrister.

"Everything!" said the Red Knight. "Come, Alice. The trumpet calls to battle. It's now or never—unless the circumstances change."

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 1.

"Le Petit Commerce contre les Grands Magasins et les Coopératives de Consommation" (Paris: A. Rousseau—205 pages 8vo), by Henry Vouters, *docteur en droit*, is a searching study of "one fragment of a vaster question which preoccupies both economists and parliaments—*the problem of the middle classes.*" An introduction of forty pages explains the problem for the sake of clearness in Karl Marx's formula of capitalist evolution, that is, in relation to capitalist accumulation and increasing proletarization of the masses—for between these the middle classes, independent to a certain degree of either, ought by the formula to disappear. Our author's brief statement of facts shows that the Marxian prophecy is suspiciously slow of fulfilment; and, in reality, Socialists like Kautsky acknowledge themselves obliged to change their formula materially. The facts in the struggle for life of small shopkeepers against the great shops and coöperative stores, with corresponding legislation up to 1910, are studied in France, Bavaria, and Prussia; the middle classes of the two latter countries in particular have united in a vigorous and organized campaign of self-defence.

A first part of forty pages deals with the big shops and the objections of small traders to them, both for the practical monopoly towards which they tend and for their social and moral relations with customers, employees, and furnishers; the legislative, and particularly the fiscal measures, demanded against them; and the results obtained by taxation—and whether this does not really fall on the customer or employee or manufacturer. The second part (fifty pages) treats the competition of co-operative stores (workingmen's associations); their alleged abuses and weakness; and, again, legislative regulation and fiscal measures, with the results in the three countries named, where they have had their chief development. A conclusion, in eight pages, notes that legislation and fiscal burdens have not stayed the movement of business concentration in either form—rather the contrary. ". . . The negative policy of the small shopkeepers has proved sterile." Advantages of a positive policy are indicated; it would imply association and coöperation among these individualist middle classes themselves, threatened as they are by Capital and Labor alike. The book has four pages of valuable bibliography, exclusively French and German; and the constant references of footnotes to the text and statistical tables add greatly to this study of a burning question in the changing constitution of civilized society.

"L'Indochine Française" (Paris: A. Colin—356 pages, 56 illustrations, 4 maps—4 francs), by H. Russier and H. Brenier, is a convenient volume for those who wish to make intelligent acquaintance with Indo-China, which forms so considerable a portion of the immense colonial empire of France, just as the Philippine Islands do of the growing colonial stretch of the United States. There is a bibliographical introduction; eight chapters on the natural history and features of the country; six chapters on the inhabitants and their various races; eight chapters on working the country's resources—mines, forests, agriculture, industries, communications, and trade; five chapters on the political and administrative organization; and a conclusion concerning what has been done and what is possible. "In twenty years, exports from Indo-China to France have increased from 2 to 44 millions; and French goods imported into Indo-China from 16 to 101 millions"—in spite of an unfavorable customs system. "In such conditions, it is wonderful that people so often speak of giving up Indo-China."

"La Colonisation Française dans l'Afrique du Nord—Algérie, Tunisie, Maroc" (Paris: A. Colin—550 pages 8vo, 4 maps—6 francs), by Victor Piquet, is a book of present interest, now that Frenchmen are in full difficulty of exercising their new protectorate over Morocco. A previous work of this author on the "Civilizations of North Africa—Berbers, Arabs, Turks," was favorably reviewed in the *Nation* two years ago. Yet another gives the military history of French "Campaigns in Africa, 1830-1910—Algiers, Tunis, Morocco." These three volumes form a complete account of the vast, populous region which is now, after fifteen centuries, again actively making history. In a first chap-

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ter, a geographical description of North Africa in its eleven physical divisions is given by way of introduction (25 pages). Algiers (275 pages) is taken up successively with its history, where there are a dozen enlightening pages on its Moroccan frontiers (a late burning question); its administration, military and civil, by regions and communes; its agricultural colonization, and the constitution of property; the condition of the natives, political, financial, and social; the population and economic questions. In the same order, questions concerning Tunis are explained (135 pages). The history of Morocco is narrated in its relations with France from the conquest of Algiers in 1830 to the present occupation and successful working of the Chaouïa (Shawia); next, Morocco is studied from the social point of view; in the organization of its public services, finances, and instruction; real estate and agricultural association; and colonizing possibilities (90 pages). For the whole of North Africa, the chapters on "economic activity" (mines, forests, agriculture, industries, trade, etc.), are of distinct value to international commerce and reference libraries. The maps are intended to give needed tabular information by shading: What many Frenchmen fancy North Africa is, and what it really is; North Africa, political and economical; North Morocco, and Atlantic Morocco. However the final division of the extreme north of Morocco may be made between Spain and France, this book will keep its value for exact information.

"Otahiti" (Paris: A. Colin—280 pages, 3.50 francs), by Henri Lebeau, is a wide-awake traveller's bona-fide tale of "the country of eternal summer." He had read beforehand the story of Capt. Cook's Irish sailor who manœuvred to stay in the happy island. "I have tried to give those who have not seen Tahiti as exact an idea as possible of the realities, trivial or poetic, which offer themselves to the observation of the traveller who is at all cultivated and comes nowadays to this charming isle without preconceived ideas or other intention than to look on at what passes there." In sum, meddling civilization seems to have made more victims there than the old indolent, irresponsible savagery; but the natives manage still to enjoy their pleasure island in their own way.

"Henry Harrisse" (Paris: Ch. Cadenat—83 pages 8vo), by Henry Vignaud (in French), is a "biographical and moral study" of its subject, with a critical bibliography of his writings. The "study," no doubt, had to be written where a personality of so strong idiosyncrasy was also a "*savant* who has been called, not without some reason, the Prince of Americanists. . . . The author of these lines was one of the last friends of Harrisse; but, like so many others, he had had to stop seeing him. Now that the tomb separates them, he forgets all that should be forgotten, . . . to say that he drew from his works precious lessons of the necessity of depending on original sources only and of the critic's duty to tell the whole truth, whatever it may be." The bibliography of Harrisse's publications is of great importance to those historians who have come to be called Americanists. It comprises 94 headings under 11 sections, each accompanied by a short critical note. It is well to notice that the copy of his first work, "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," which Harrisse left to the Congressional Library, Washington, "contains rectifications and additions enough to make another volume." Mr. Vignaud, who is president of the Société des Américanistes de Paris, has also published since the completion of his *magnum opus* on Columbus—"Les Expéditions des Scandinaves en Amérique devant la critique" (34 pages on a new false document), and "Americ Vespuce" (43 pages, his voyages and discoveries, critically studied)—both *tirages à part* from the *Journal de la Société*, 1910-1911:

> Our considerations authorize the conclusion that the attribution of Amerigo Vespucci's name, first to South America, and then to the entire continent, is quite as justified as would have been that of the name of Columbus. The great Genoese and the great Florentine are the veritable discoverers of the New World; and it is reasonable that their two names should always be associated—to the exclusion of that of Cabot. For, although this last intrepid mariner landed in the New World (that is, on the continent), before either, he neither understood the importance nor the real character of his discovery; and it had not the same influence on the development of our geographical knowledge.

The present Memoir, which is a defence of Vespucci against historians ancient and modern, concerns only the voyages; another on the giving of his name to America is to follow.

"Edgar Poe" (Paris: Bloud—260 pages, 2.50 francs), by Emile Lauvrière, appears in the series of Grands Ecrivains étrangers. It is based on the large and complete work of the author published eight years ago, with a few additions from the gleanings of later years. It is the clearest account yet given of a genius who was exalted abroad before he could have due appreciation at home; and even now he has to be explained away in his native country. In pure literature, he is the only American author who has so far profoundly influenced the literature of Continental Europe and become a world's classic. M. Lauvrière repeats his medical thesis, which was approved by the Académie de Médecine in 1905. Its conclusions, as he shows, are not unlike those of Poe himself, whose genius, even though akin to madness, realized the sober Aristotelian condition of "reason expedited to put two and two together." S. D.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, May 30.

Prominent among contemporary Danish writers is Johannes V. Jensen, whose latest work, "Skibet" ("The Ship"), has for its central idea the Norseman's longing for the sun and his wanderlust, special attention being given to the expeditions of the Vikings. The author's description of the founding of Copenhagen, despite certain historical errors, has the kind of patriotic intensity which captivates.

Of Otto Rung, another Danish author, Georg Brandes wrote recently: "People ought to pay more attention to Rung's books than they have done so far. He has the greatest talent of his generation." Last year, Rung put forth an able drama, "Broen" ("The Bridge"), and lately has published a novel, "Lönkammeret" ("The Private Closet"). He understands human nature, and in particular the conditions of a large city, with all its tumult and busyness. The subject of his latest book is present-day life in Copenhagen, its contrasts between the poverty in the suburbs and the splendor and dreams of happiness and beauty in the centre of the city. The story is told in a nervous style, which keeps a firm hold of the reader.

The writer, Sophus Michaëlis, known in America through the performance in New York of his drama, "The Revolutionary Wedding," is one of the ablest and most enthusiastic students of Napoleon in Denmark. Last year he wrote a serious drama on the little Corsican, but without marked success, and recently he has published a novel, entitled, "1812. Den evige sövn" ("1812: The Eternal Sleep"). As the title indicates, the novel describes the unhappy campaign in Russia. It is done with great intensity and sense for dramatic moments, and furnishes what may properly be called thrilling reading. The book will no doubt appeal to the public, but to compare it with a master-work like Tolstoy's "War and Peace"—as one critic does—seems like ridiculous exaggeration.

A short time ago Sweden's greatest writer, August Strindberg, died in his sixty-fourth year, and, in accordance with his known wishes, was buried on a Sunday at seven o'clock in the morning. The eccentric but highly gifted author was very popular in his own country, particularly among the working classes, from whom he derived and whose cause he championed to the last. In spite of the early hour, an immense crowd assembled at the cemetery, the workingmen and the students meeting under striking banners. An edition of Strindberg's "Collected Poems" is just now being published (Stockholm: Bon-

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nier), and already has an imposing number of subscribers.

Of recent Swedish fiction mention should be made of a powerful work by Gustaf Janson, "Lögnerna" ("The Liars"); a collection of short stories, "Apen och andra noveller" ("The Ape and Other Stories"), by Richard Wallner; of the novels, "Paus" ("Interval") and "John Claudius' äfventyr" ("John Claudius's Adventures"), by Henning Berger, and "Nisse," by Ludvig Lindberg.

A small pamphlet which has caused a great deal of discussion in Scandinavian newspapers and magazines is written by the well-known Swedish economist, Prof. Pontus Fahlbeck. It is called "Svensk och nordisk utrikespolitik" ("Swedish and Northern Foreign Policy") and touches on the timely question of the relation of the Scandinavian countries one to another, and their position in world politics to-day. The author points out that the Scandinavian countries should no longer persist in the belief that they will be undisturbed by any European crisis, and argues that two things now are necessary for them to do: to put their defence in better shape and to join one of the leading Powers in an alliance. The danger to the Northern countries, Professor Fahlbeck sees in Russia which is looking for an ice-free harbor on the Atlantic coast. Proper precaution would therefore dictate an understanding with Germany with a view to joining the Triple Alliance. Though written with a great show of logic and acquaintance with the facts, the pamphlet has met with hostile criticism. It is opposed, for one thing, by the strong English sentiment prevalent in Scandinavia.

The latest work by the Norwegian dramatist, Gunnar Heiberg, has caused a sensation. In a five-act drama, "Jeg vil værge mit land" ("I Will Defend my Country") he deals with the dissolving of the union between Norway and Sweden in 1905, and attacks the Norwegian policy which was followed during the latter part of that year. A small minority of Norwegians, though agreeing with others that the dissolution was inevitable, maintain with great vigor that Norway should never have been compelled to abolish her fortifications along the Swedish border. The peace obtained in such way was bought too dearly, Mr. Heiberg means, and in his drama he develops his views as to the destructive moral effect of this measure on the nation. Looked at from a dramatic standpoint the work is excellent, the scenes are well built and full of life, and some of them have real beauty. But, politically considered, it is not a fair picture, the authors of the measure being drawn as petty schemers, given over entirely to selfish ambition. For this reason the drama was received with protest when performed at the National Theatre at Christiania, some of the most sarcastic and slanderous speeches being drowned out by the hissing of the audience.

The edition of Capt. Amundsen's account of his expedition to the South Pole has just been started. The first part of the book is very neatly printed and contains a number of good photographs. It begins with a short preface by Fridtjof Nansen, who praises Amundsen's courage and ability. Amundsen's own narrative gives proof of his great modesty; it is simple and direct, and at the same time interesting and vivid. The Norwegian edition of the work will be completed before Christmas. A timely publication is Dr. O. J. Skattum's book on South Polar expeditions. It traces the history of such enterprises down to the attainment of the South Pole. It is clear and trustworthy and readable.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the fifteenth century, when the Mediterranean trip, then taking the form of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was as to-day very popular, many travellers wrote accounts of their adventures. The most famous of these, judged by the editions of his book, was the pilgrimage of Bernard von Breydenbach, Dean of Mainz, whose "Peregrinationes in Terram Sanctam" is the subject of a careful and elaborate bibliography by Hugh William Davies, recently published by J. & J. Leighton, London.

Breydenbach seems to have left Oppenheim near Mainz on April 25, 1483, and to have returned in January, 1484. The printed account of his itinerary, however, begins at Venice. Among his companions was an artist, Erhard Reuwich of Utrecht, and the illustrations in the book, engraved from his drawings, are now its most interesting feature. This is the first instance in which a single painter is definitely known to have undertaken the illustration of a printed book. At Venice the party was much enlarged, Mr. Davies having found, from various sources, the names of not less than fifty-three persons who accompanied Breydenbach from Venice to Jerusalem. At least two of these pilgrims, Felix Fabri and Paul Walther, wrote accounts of the journey, both of which are still extant in manuscript, though not printed until modern times.

Breydenbach is described in the "Itinerarium" as "hujus operis auctor principalis," but, from statements in Fabri's narrative, Mr. Davies concludes that the Latin text, at least, was composed by Martin Roth of the Dominican convent of Pforzheim.

The colophon of this first edition is dated Mainz, February 11, 1486. A second edition, with German text, is dated June 21, 1486. Both of these, as well as an edition in Flemish, all from the same types, with colophon dated May 24, 1488, were probably brought out under the supervision of Breydenbach himself. The colophons of all three editions give Erhard Reuwich, the artist, as printer, that of the German edition going so far as to assert that it was printed in Reuwich's own house ("und die truckerey yn synem huss volfüret"), but, as no other book whatever is known with his name in the colophon, it is presumed that he may have borrowed or rented the types for the time being. The types may have belonged to Schoeffer, as they resemble those used by him, and very probably he was actually the printer.

The engraver of the woodcuts is unidentified—they may have been engraved by Reuwich himself. The large panoramic views, especially, are of the greatest interest, and are the first of their kind. "They are distinguished," says Mr. Davies, "from other woodcut views published in the fifteenth century by their air of truth, as well as their liveliness," and, again, "the views are undoubtedly authentic, as well as artistic, and are valuable as giving an exact picture of these famous places as they appeared in 1483.".

It is interesting to trace the travels of the original wood blocks. After being used in the three Mainz editions in 1486 and 1488, they passed to Lyons in 1489, were back in Germany again in 1490, and, finally, appear in a Spanish edition printed at Zaragoza, in Spain, in 1498.

In a bibliography of this character, limited virtually to the description of twelve editions only of a single book, the most minute particulars as to arrangement and collation, sheet-marks, water-marks in the paper, citations of references, location of copies, etc., can be given. In this respect the work is a model. Besides this, the story of the book and its author is interestingly told. There are sixty full-page plates of reproductions of title-pages, dedications, and woodcuts. The books described are all in the possession of C. Fairfax Murray, and it is worthy of note that one of his two copies of the Spanish edition (Zaragoza, 1498) once formed part of the library of Ferdinand Columbus at Seville.

The volume is a large quarto, printed on fine paper, in an edition limited to two hundred copies.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

RESPECT FOR LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a platitude that the cohesiveness of a republican form of government depends upon the existence among the people of a habit of respect for law, of a strong belief that principles rather than men should govern. No greater teacher of these ideas existed than Lincoln, who, abhorring slavery, taught the people that a government of laws was sacred, and that, therefore, they must for the time bow to the provisions of the Constitution which recognized slavery.

To my mind the gravest danger to be apprehended from Mr. Roosevelt is that he has no appreciation whatsoever of the importance of preserving among the people the foregoing humdrum civic habits. Where laws stand in the way of his purposes, they do not command his obedience, but merely arouse his impatience, so that he ignores them or bends them to his purposes. The inevitable result of his teachings and example is to induce his followers to believe that the general welfare requires that the determination of all public policies should be confided to a popular idol, who shall

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decide not by any fixed principles, but by his own idea of the immediate requirements of the situation; who, when he finds a law impeding his purpose, may, if he deems it "economically unworkable," or otherwise a "bad law," ignore it; who, when any man opposes his attainment of power, may be excused or commended for removing the obstruction by foul fighting.

Mr. Roosevelt is not only a captain whose tendency is to navigate the ship of state without any standard chart or compass, or by any fixed star, but, in order to insure his own popularity, he is willing that the crew which elected him captain shall use up the general supplies and provisions, incidentally eating and drinking heartily to the captain's glory, without any thought of the length of the voyage or the needs of the future.

Reckless as almost all of our statesmen have been in encouraging Congress to treat the people to expensive governmental luxuries out of the people's store, none has ever been so devil-may-care as Roosevelt. Economy is not popular. Economy is not spectacular. Economy is humdrum, and is to be achieved by hard work and sacrifice only. Economy wins no cheers; you couldn't stage it nor set it to music.

In the present contest Roosevelt's deficiencies have been pointed out. The voters have been asked to condemn them. Were he nominated after that, it would vindicate him in pursuing his natural tendencies. In a national campaign those tendencies would again be the issue. If elected after such a campaign, he would feel that the whole people had endorsed his gratification of those tendencies. In that event, I believe that patriotic men would have to witness the spectacle of a people, intoxicated with enthusiasm for a vigorous, engaging personality, enjoying the excitement of following a flaming torch of leadership which led to ill-considered and frequent changes in governmental policy, converted by their leader's example and teachings to discard our governmental system of checks and balances, to regard with contempt or impatience the molly-coddle civic habits of respect for laws, of belief in enduring principles, or restraint in exercising power against the minority.

I believe, therefore, that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination and election would do more than any other conceivable event to bring to an end the genuine government by the people which the fathers of the republic established. H. A. B.

New York, June 5.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial, you say in an off-hand manner: "Take our universities, for example; they are overwhelmingly against Roosevelt." I have no statistics to contradict your assertion. But my impressions, based on some knowledge of conditions in our Western universities, certainly do not support your view.

If you had said that many (if not most) of our Law Schools are against Roosevelt; if you had stated that the majority of the students and faculty of some of our Eastern colleges and universities do not support his candidacy; or if you had even asserted that the members of many of our Western institutions of higher learning are very much divided in their allegiance, you would probably have been well within the truth. It appears to savor strongly of provincialism to base an impression of this sort upon a knowledge of conditions in a few Eastern universities. Our Western institutions, more particularly the State universities, are too close to the people to be overwhelmingly *against* Bryan, La Follette, Wilson, Roosevelt, or any other candidate with a strong popular following.

True it is that there are a few Western college or university presidents who misrepresent us in this as in other matters. But most of us are progressive (if not insurgent) in our sympathies and tendencies. The great majority of us are on the side of the people against the "interests" in this war, though we are divided in our choice of leaders. In order to prevent a possible misunderstanding, I should perhaps indicate my personal preference for La Follette or Woodrow Wilson, but I am willing to accept Bryan, Roosevelt, or any other genuine champion of popular rights against a conservative or reactionary nominee. My only fear is that in action Roosevelt may prove himself insufficiently radical or too ready to compromise.

Collegiate.

Bloomington, Ind., June 5.

TEDDINESS AND TEDDIDITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In looking over "Tono-Bungay" last evening, I happened to find a few most remarkable words. Their applicability to one of our "national figures" is so astonishing that—well! I will content myself with quoting them:

> I thought of my uncle as Teddy directly I saw him; there was something in his personal appearance that in the light of that memory phrased itself at once as Teddiness—a certain Teddidity. To describe it in any other terms is more difficult. It is nimbleness without grace, and alertness without intelligence.

Robert Shafer.

Princeton, N. J., May 31.

THE HARVARD EXCHANGE PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems worth while to call attention to the working out of the Harvard exchange professorship plan, which has been put into effect for the first time this year. It will be recalled that under this plan Harvard sends out a professor who spends a month at each of four Western colleges—Colorado College, Grinnell, Beloit, and Knox. Each of the Western colleges sends a member of its faculty to Harvard for a semester; these representatives devote about a third of their time to teaching, and are free to use the rest for study and research.

Judging by the experience of Colorado College, the plan has been very successful this year. Prof. A. B. Hart, the first exchange professor from Harvard, has just completed his lectures here. During his stay he has assumed the regular duties of a member of the faculty. He has taken charge of the course in American history, and in connection with the political science course has given a series of lectures on American statesmen. Besides these courses he has delivered a number of illustrated lectures on Japan, China, India, and the Philippines. All the lectures have been open to the public, as well as to the students, and have been largely attended.

One result of the lectures has been to stimulate interest in American history and politics among the students. In various respects Professor Hart has presented to them a new and interesting point of view. In this way the exchange arrangement seems likely to be of great value to the Western colleges. Next year Harvard will be represented in the West by Prof. George Herbert Palmer.

Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, May 31.

A BACH FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Bach festival, held in the old Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pa., on Friday, May 31, and Saturday, June 1, under the leadership of Dr. J. Fred. Wolle, was a musical event of first-rate importance.

With a chorus of more than two hundred voices, forty members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Mrs. Mary Hissen-DeMoss, soprano; Mrs. Gertrude Stein-Bailey, contralto; Nicholas Douty, tenor, and Frank Croxton, bass, as soloists, Dr. Wolle gave on Friday afternoon the cantatas "It is Enough" and "Christian Stand with Sword in Hand"; and on Friday evening the cantatas "Soul array Thyself with Gladness" and "Strike, oh! Strike, Long-looked-for Hour." These cantatas, so far as I know, have never been sung elsewhere in the United States.

On Saturday afternoon, the Mass in B minor was sung in two parts, with an intermission of one hour and a half.

Although the festival was almost entirely unheralded, there was a very large attendance of musicians and music lovers from all over the United States, and even some foreigners travelling in this country. The festival was held in the beautiful vine-covered chapel of Lehigh University, with a seating capacity of 1,200. The fine campus and extensive lawns of University Park made a fit setting for the festival, and the weather was perfect. Each session was announced by the Moravian Church trombonists, from the belfry in the tall spire of the chapel, by the playing of three chorales. The work of the orchestra, chorus, and soloists, under Dr. Wolle's direction, was a revelation, even to the most careful students of Bach music.

This festival was the seventh held in Bethlehem since 1900, and great satisfaction was expressed by all visitors that there would be another festival next season.

Hannah E. Godshalk.

Bethlehem, Pa., June 5.

AUTHORSHIP OF "THE LIE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 23, Mr. Theron Wilber Haight revives a discussion threshed out long since in the columns of *Notes and Queries*. He advances the curious theory that the familiar poem of thirteen stanzas beginning "Go, Soul, the body's guest," commonly entitled "The Lie," was put together from some quatrains of Sylvester by Bishop Percy, and that it first

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appears in his "Reliques," 1765. When Percy attributed the poem to Raleigh, Mr. Haight believes he deliberately imposed on his readers.

It is clear that Mr. Haight has not examined the evidence in the case, for he makes no allusion to J. Hannah's "The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, collected and authenticated, with those of Sir Henry Wotton and other Courtly Poets," Aldine edition. Hannah's conclusions in regard to the poems that may be attributed to Raleigh, and especially in regard to "The Lie," are generally accepted. A. H. Bullen, surely an acknowledged authority on Elizabethan verse, declared that "The Lie" "may be assigned without hesitation to Sir Walter Raleigh" (see his reprint of "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," London, 1890, Vol. I, p. lxvi), while T. N. Brushfield in his careful "Bibliography of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knt.," second edition, Exeter, 1908, relies on Hannah's evidence, so far as Raleigh's verse is concerned.

It is hard to understand Mr. Haight's assertion that there is no authentic record of the existence "of that particular structure of verse generally called 'The Lie,'" until a hundred and fifty years after Sylvester's death in 1618. He is again alluding to the appearance of "The Lie" in Percy's "Reliques." Percy, in a note prefixed to the poem, states that it is found "In a very scarce miscellany entitled 'Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rhapsodie divided into sixe books.'" Mr. Bullen has shown that it appeared in the second edition of the "Rhapsody," 1608; the only known copy of the first edition, 1602, is defective. "The Lie" is included in several MSS. Among others cited by Hannah is MS. Harleian 6910. This MS., all in the same hand, has on fol. 73 the date 1596, and it is generally presumed that "The Lie," which appears on fol. 141 verso, was written down not much later. No earlier version has yet been discovered.

In the Appendix A of his "Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh," Hannah prints from Chetham MS. 8012, an answer to "The Lie." The second line of it reads "Make answer that rude Rawly no stomach can digest." I have noticed this same poem in MS. Rawl. Poet. 172, where it is entitled "An aunswere to the lie by Lo: of Essex." Here the second line reads "Make aunswere that soe rawe a lie noe stomache can digest." In both lines, the pun is sufficiently obvious.

EDWARD BLISS REED.

Yale College, June 3.

THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no mystery about the great seal of the Confederate States lately found in the safe of Admiral Selfridge and now to be properly housed at Richmond. Col. John T. Pickett showed it to me in the summer of 1872, and subsequently had many facsimiles of the obverse of it made and liberally distributed among friends and acquaintances at Washington, to accompany a pamphlet giving its history.

The seal never went into service, having got through the blockade too late to be put to use. That is a pity, for the seal is, or was, beautiful in design and execution. I can well believe what Col. Pickett told me when he showed it to me—that Messrs. Wyon, the famous seal makers, pronounced it the handsomest piece of work of the kind that, up to that time—1864—they had ever produced.

CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

Washington, D. C., June 7.

MACAULAY'S WORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The sin of plagiarism has occasionally been so effectively exposed in your columns that it is sad to find an example of it in your issue of May 16. It may best be exhibited by the usual deadly parallel:

LITERARY NOTE IN THE "NATION."	MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON BUNYAN.
It is interesting to note that all the early editions [of "The Pilgrim's Progress"] were evidently meant only for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. It is perhaps the only instance in which the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.	It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" were evidently meant for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. . . . "The Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

It is to be suspected that the literary editor set out to draw upon nothing more classic than the ready-made "note" issued by the Tract Society, whose new edition of Bunyan's work was the matter immediately in hand. If so, we may derive edification from learning how even a Tract Society may fall from grace, and further from discovering, as some have done heretofore, that one of the dangers of omitting quotation marks is that it may be a plagiarist that we plagiarize.

A.

University of Illinois, May 18.

[The Tract Society may be exonerated. We were informed by the contributor of the note that Macaulay was his authority for the statement made, but we were not informed, and did not remember, that Macaulay's actual words were used.—Ed. Nation.]

Literature

EARLY EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., etc., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 volumes. $10.50 net.

The recent publication of the Vedas of Egypt, the Pyramid Texts, the oldest body of literature surviving from the ancient world, in a careful edition of the Hieroglyphic text by Sethe of Göttingen, has made it possible to undertake researches in the analysis of early Egyptian religion, fundamental in their importance not only for the understanding of Egyptian civilization, but also for the study of the history of religion in general. Nowhere have we an uninterrupted, unarrested development in religion of such length as that which we may trace in Egypt for above three thousand years before Christ. It furnishes an imposing vista in human thought, in which we may discern the successive domination of one influence after another as nature, society, and the inner life of man contribute force after force to fashion and deepen religion.

In the beginning we discern nature contributing the two leading gods: Re the Sun, and Osiris the Nile, or the principle of life which fructified soil and vegetation alike. These two faiths, the Solar and the Osirian, early felt the influence of the Egyptian state and of social forces which humanized the two gods. They pass from the domain of nature to the sovereignty of human affairs, and with paternal solicitude guard the fortunes of men. Of the two the supremacy of the Sun-god Re, in the monuments at least, is quite clearly the older, being early identified with the fortunes of the state, till the Solar faith became indeed the state religion. Although he granted the great of the earth a celestial hereafter, Re remained a god of the living. The belief in the ever-dying, ever-rising Osiris was a popular faith which rapidly spread among the common people, and in its rise, later disclosed than that of the Sun-god, we discern the struggle of a popular with a state religion, the earliest such conflict known in the world of religion. A study of the Pyramid Texts reveals the emergence of the moral intuitions as well as the Osirianization of these ancient documents as a steady process marking the progress of the Osirian faith in its conquest of court and Pharaoh. The supremacy of the Sun-god was not shaken; Osiris remained a god of the dead, and the two faiths coalesced in a composite and confused fabric, of which it is now impossible to untangle all the complicated threads. In the end when the Egyptian state went down, Osiris triumphed, and in the Roman age he victoriously girdled the Mediterranean to make conquest of the northern peoples and even to enter the palace of the Cæsars. Monuments such as the Egyptian obelisks at Rome and the temple of Isis at Pompeii are but the scanty wreckage left by the tide of Oriental and Egyptian religion which before the beginning of the Christian era had swept across the Roman Empire. They are the last survivals from the ancient struggle between the Sun-god and Osiris, which began more than five thousand years ago under the shadow of the Gizeh pyramids.

With this large and complicated problem of the place of Osiris in Egyptian religion, Dr. Budge endeavors to grapple in the two bulky volumes under discussion. He makes the Osirian faith the original, and at all times the dominant

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religion of Egypt, and identifies it with elements still surviving in the inner African religions of to-day. We find such convincing evidence for this far-reaching conclusion as the affirmation that the Egyptian islands of the blessed in the celestial waters are the islands in Victoria Nyanza, although there is no indication anywhere that the Egyptians ever heard of this lake, or even that the Egyptian celestial islands mentioned are Osirian. Three random words for "people" in ancient Egyptian speech are gravely averred to be identical with three kinds of malignant spirits in interior Africa. As a matter of fact, of all the great gods in the Egyptian pantheon, Osiris is the only one who exhibits evidences of Asiatic connection, a fact which has recently been emphasized by Reisner in his Ingersoll lecture at Harvard, though much more evidence can be adduced than Reisner brings forward.

The Sun-god, on the other hand, according to Budge, is a late intrusion introduced into Egypt from abroad in the Fifth Dynasty. In reading such statements the student of the monuments rubs his eyes and reads again. Is it possible that the figure of the Sun-god as a Falcon, depicted on all the leading monuments of the First Dynasty, and even on pre-dynastic monuments is a phantom which has deluded us all? Are we all laboring under a delusion in accepting the names of Khafre and Menkure, the builders of the Fourth-Dynasty pyramids at Gizeh, as names which are compounded with that of Re, the Sun-god? And yet all this was before the Fifth Dynasty!

By such methods as these, then, the author ignores the existence of Re, the Sun-god, on the one hand, although he was the greatest god of Egypt throughout her history, and, on the other, involves Osiris in a methodless hodge-podge of inner African superstitions shuffled together at random, without discernment, analysis, or interpretation. Doubtless, some things from the life of the black races of Africa crept into Egypt in the course of ages, but it will require at least some semblance of method to demonstrate what these importations were. The work displays no ability of its author either in the discernment, the collection, or the arrangement of material. The most obvious and tangible facts are either overlooked or misunderstood. We are told that the stone temple emerged in the Sixth Dynasty, or possibly earlier, in face of the fact that Quibell found remains of a stone temple of the Second Dynasty at Hierakonpolis and ruins of the imposing Fifty Dynasty temples to the Sun-god have been excavated by the Germans at Abusir. The author solemnly assures us of the existence of ancestor-worship (Vol. I, p. 290) in this land where it never arose. We hear more than once of Egyptian *tribes*, although there never were any in historic times, and the "Book of the Dead" is identified with the Pyramid Texts!

When by some happy chance the author makes an observation which bears some resemblance to the facts, he has no difficulty in forgetting it at once. We are told regarding Osiris: "About his burial-place there is no doubt, for all tradition, both Egyptian and Greek, states that his grave was at Abydos" (Vol. I, p. 67). Having this universally acknowledged fact in hand, we are brought up on page 210 of the same volume, by the statement: "Now, the tomb of Osiris, *par excellence*, was at Busiris." In the second volume, however, we are again informed that it was acknowledged to be at Abydos in the Twelfth Dynasty (p. 9), while a little further on (p. 83) we discover that this fact had become certain in the Eighteenth Dynasty.

This happy facility with facts adduced by himself is familiar to all Orientalists who have worked with Budge's books, and any one who is not acquainted with the phenomena in the case will find an instructive list in the review of Budge's "History of Egypt" in the *American Historical Review*. One who meets this situation for the first time in the work of a man of high *official* position in the Oriental field is not a little startled, and in a recent review of another of Budge's books by George Foucart, the hardened reader of Budge will note with some amusement the pained surprise with which Foucart remarks, "Non seulement la démonstration ne sera pas faite, mais voici qu'il semble que M. B[udge] soit en contradiction la plus étonnante avec lui-même." Foucart is unable to understand how a scholar can "oublier les faits qu'il a cités lui-même en tant que documents, etc." A glance at these two volumes on Osiris, or a little use of Budge's "History" will sufficiently familiarize M. Foucart with the invariable method by which our author has produced such a formidable line of volumes as now burden the shelves of our Oriental libraries.

It is not to be expected that a man who does not know what he has himself said ten pages earlier can marshal his data and disclose in them the course of a long cultural development—a process demanding the complete mastery of a great mass of materials and a command of the whole field which will enable him to trace the Osirianizing of Egyptian religion, and the expansion of the Solar faith till his reader discerns it as the orderly unfolding of a deep and ever-expanding vista. When a modern student of religion begins his discussion with the assumption of primitive monotheism, it is quite possible for him to state as Budge does of Egyptian religion, that "all its fundamentals remained unchanged through the Dynastic Period" (Vol. I, p. xiii).

Travelers on the Nile, and students of symbolism in art will be interested in our author's interpretation of the familiar cross, known to all, as the symbol of life, and commonly designated the *crux ansata* ("cross with handles"). The actual object depicted in this mysterious Egyptian symbol, has long been uncertain. Dr. Budge identifies it at last as the umbilical cord of Horus with the placenta attached. The only objection to this highly ingenious interpretation is that it is wrong, as any tyro could demonstrate in a moment. Moreover, a little more familiarity with the current literature of the science would have furnished Dr. Budge with the fact that the famous symbol in question has recently been shown to be so commonplace a thing as a sandal-latchet, the name of which happens to possess in Egyptian the same consonants as the word "life."

This is of a piece with the author's use of Egyptian throughout. The oldest city of Osiris, called by the Greeks Busiris, appears in these pages in its Egyptian form sometimes as *Tet*, again as *Tetu*, *Tetet*, and *Tattu!* We have long passages of the Pyramid Texts selected at random, inserted in English translation in these volumes, and we are informed by the author that they appear here in English for the first time. A comparison with the French version of Maspero at critical points discloses the basis of these first English versions. In a passsage referring to "evening kettles," which Maspera has rendered "chaudrons brûlants," misunderstanding the word "evening" as "brûlants," Budge renders "fiery caldrons." Such deadly parallels between Budge's renderings of these intensely difficult texts, and the inevitable misunderstandings in the French version could be multiplied indefinitely. Moreover, the new text of Sethe was available in sufficient time for the author to have employed it in place of Maspero's now obsolete edition, or at least to have collated his renderings with Sethe's exhaustive text.

Even among Budge's books it is impossible to find another such muddle of ill-arranged misinformation as we find in these two volumes. It has seemed the more necessary to set forth the truth regarding the work, in view of the fact that a number of widely read popular periodicals have inserted the conventional notice of it, in which the uninformed hack reviewer has highly commended it as a notable contribution to learning.

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CURRENT FICTION.

[THE ECCENTRIC HERO.]

The Joyous Wayfarer. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Unknown Woman. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Co.

Views and Vagabonds. By R. Macaulay. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Squirrel-Cage. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Manalive. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

The fiction of the eccentric or irresponsible hero grows steadily in volume. The day of the plain man is not over, we decline to believe it, but he has to take second place in a considerable proportion of our current novels. The artist-idol is largely responsible for this. With increasing frequency the novel-reader is invited to the spectacle of the artistic temperament in action. It must be true that there is a public which is positively interested in the writing man, and the painting man, and the fiddling man. Chiefly a feminine public, one suspects, in America at least; for if there is any member of the community who is looked down upon by the robust American male it is the artist. He has no office hours, he is not a Mason, nobody knows how he gets along: why doesn't he go to work? The ladies are more tolerant, since the grasshopper has a certain fanciful charm for the spouse of the ant. But they feel that he ought to be apologized for, made allowances for in various ways; and the result is that relatively new and exceptionally flourishing species of fiction which occupies itself with assuring the world that the grasshopper is really a most useful creature. The simple and obviously true assertion that the artist, the real artist, is not a grasshopper at all, would knock the bottom out of this type of literature, if the ladies, and the ladies' novelists could be brought to believe it. But, of course, they could not. There are certain conventions of the sort which fiction could hardly do without. If the artist is a vagabond, the nobleman is a brute, the actor a libertine, the statesman a liar. All murderers, Mark Twain discovered, are left-handed—as it may be said, roughly, that all heroines worthy of the name have violet eyes.

The "Joyous Wayfarer" is a young Englishman named Massingdale. His father is a captain in the navy, not a stupid man, nor insensible to art, but quite unwilling that his son shall become an artist. The son cares for nothing else, but with the amenableness of young England to the hand that holds the purse-strings, allows himself to be steered towards the bar. In due time he becomes a licensed practitioner of the law, and the betrothed of a nice young English girl. But it is only necessary for her to throw him over to lead him to abandon all his respectable prospects and set off for Paris to study painting in earnest. Of course, he is to succeed in the end. But the road to success in the arts is notoriously as rough as the path of true love, and our wayfarer has his stiff adventures. He has, to be sure, the encouragement of a great Parisian teacher and of a group of Bohemians to which the master belongs. But he has no money to go on with, and is reduced to various shifts to keep body and soul together. There is a French singer and demi-mondaine with whom he has had a casual relation before his engagement, and her hopeless and picturesque passion for him plays its part in the story. But he cannot forget his English girl, and she is restored to him in proper course, with the aid of a somewhat sensational episode which gives the hero a chance to bear himself with credit in the rôle of rescuer. So much for the plot: the real charm of the book for the reader must depend on whether Massingdale's "lines" ring true for him or not. For Massingdale is, above all, a talker, a person of whimsy and flamboyant humor, and it is touch and go whether one is amused or bored by this type of hero. Our impression is that the young man is a bit of a popinjay. He is never unconscious of his professional make-up; and one eye, at least, is always on the gallery.

In "The Unknown Woman" a different type of artist is presented. Massingdale is unconventional, not irresponsible—an almost tiresomely worthy young man beneath his audacities of manner and speech. Maurice Maury is a man of the world, with a footing in society. He is in no danger of falling into a casual Bohemianism, but is untrustworthy at bottom. After living many years in Italy, he returned to New York confessedly for the purpose of taking toll of his fellow-countrymen. His wife and he are both fond of luxurious living, and there is a young daughter, almost ripe for society, and in need of all sorts of expensive "advantages." So Maury (who, of course, has genius) devotes himself to making money. At some expense—slight at first—of his own integrity, he cultivates the favor of a rich clientèle, deliberately produces inferior work of superior marketability, and for a time reaps his reward. But his complaisance is presently carried too far, and costs him his reputation and his clients. This is all incidental to the main action, which concerns his relation to "the unknown woman," who chances to be his wife. She is credited with being a creature of fire and mystery; beautiful, of course, and virtuous according to her own lights. She has a diabolical temper and a not angelic pride; but, then, she is half-Italian. As a young girl she has had an experience which in old-fashioned fiction—and life—would have labelled her "ruined," and so disposed of her once for all. But this is aggressively not old-fashioned fiction. She not only marries Maury without telling him of that early experience, but she does not even deign to be ashamed of it when he finds it out. It all happened before she knew him—therefore it has nothing to do with him. And, what is more, she looks with complacency at the prospect of her daughter's marriage to her former "betrayer"—as the old vocabulary had it. And what is most—but the matter needn't be gone into further: it is all perfectly emancipated and rather nasty. In the end the unknown woman and the spineless artist discover that they love only each other—a sadly old-fashioned ending.

There is another type of irresponsible hero who is just now popular. Mr. Locke's "Septimus" and Mr. Hewlett's "Senhouse" represent him in his more sophisticated form—the dilettante in life who finds it more amusing to be eccentric than to be elegant. In "The Broad Highway," Jeffery Farnol amalgamated him, to piquant effect, with the ancient swashbuckling hero of romance. In his pure and simple form, he is the young gentleman with theories, who chooses to reform himself or the world by turning blacksmith or carpenter.

The young gentleman of "Views and Vagabonds" turns first blacksmith and then cabinet-maker, equally to his own satisfaction and the contempt of his fellow-man. He is only a Benjamin Bunter to begin with, but his supposed father is an M.P., and his mother a lady of quality, and he has been reared for a pillar of the superior classes. He comes out of the university an advanced Socialist, however; takes to blacksmithing, and marries a daughter of the people on principle. In the outcome he is no happier than he deserves to be. The daughter of the people is as good as he, but has the hopeless limitations of the peasant; and not even the discovery that he is really of similar stock—a discovery that fills him with exultation—serves to remove the barrier between them. In short, all the enthusiast's dreams amount to in reality is a dingy existence among people to the level of whose taste in art and life the luckless enthusiast is forced in self-defence to descend. He lives in a machine-made cottage termed by his wife "Daisyville," drinks beer with his drunken father and father-in-law, and looks forward to seeing the Coronation from a local 'bus. Withal, he is not unhappy: the scene closes in a mild half-light of acceptation—upon "a world of foregrounds" in which "things are more important than the ideas behind them, phenomena than noumena. One handles and touches and tastes each thing as it comes along; for in the end it is the artist's world, not

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the philosopher's." Benjamin is not the only unconventional figure in the book. There is a delightful pair of grown-up children, the Crevequers, whose vagaries are a fair offset to the deliberate follies of the carpenter-blacksmith. The moral of the story is altogether in their favor.

Mr. Daniel Rankin of Endbury also abandons a respectable career for carpentering, but from a very different motive. He has no set creed in regard to the duty of laboring with one's hands, nor has he any sort of social theory to prove. He simply takes to joiner-work because he "has to begin somehow to earn his living honestly without being too tied up to folks." He has had to escape from "the squirrel-cage" of life as accepted by Endbury's leading people. The insurance business has promised him "success" in the Endbury sense, but he cannot stomach the accepted methods, and he sees no better prospect in other sorts of business. Indeed, the business world, like the social world, seems to him a maze of insincerities and compromises—a squirrel-cage from which, turn and twist as one may, there is no escape for the half-hearted. So he withdraws, much to the disgust of polite Endbury. But Rankin is not the chief figure in this story. This is young Lydia Emery, born in the squirrel-cage, and held there firmly by her adoring family. Already attracted by Rankin, and sharing his natural instinct for escape from vulgarity and insincerity, she is propelled into marriage with a man whose motto is Success. The portraits of this man and of Lydia's family, slaves to their bank accounts, their servants, the opinions of their neighbors, are drawn with force and humor. In the end Lydia is to make her escape; but Endbury is unaffected by it: life in the squirrel-cage goes on as actively and emptily as ever. We recall no recent interpretation of American life which has possessed more of dignity and less of shrillness than this—uncompromising as it is.

If the story has a moral, it is, as Mr. Chesterton would put it, that only the responsible are irresponsible. And this is the obvious moral of "Manalive." Manalive is an extraordinary being (from the conventional point of view), who is really too sane to do anything sensible. He abandons his university and the world, not to enter the ranks of the serious-minded, but to make himself "a kind of fanatic of the joy of life." It will at once be perceived that when Mr. Chesterton's hero speaks of the joy of life, he does not mean what the words mean. Far from it. "Though not an optimist, in that absurd sense of maintaining that life is all beer and skittles, he did seem really to maintain that beer and skittles are a most serious part of it." He enters the scene with a leap over a high garden wall, preceded by a hat, a green umbrella, and a Gladstone bag, and from that moment events are lively, if not particularly intelligible even with Mr. Chesterton's gloss. It is, of course, like this writer's other so-called novels, a tract, an essay, an extravaganza—a bit of lively exercise on the part of that incorrigibly teetering mind.

THE FAR NORTH.

The Arctic Prairies: A Canoe-Journey of 2,000 Miles in Search of the Caribou; being the Account of a Voyage to the Region North of Aylmer Lake. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic. By the Duke of Orleans. Translated by H. Grahame Richards. London: David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.

As the traditional woman with her postscript, so Mr. Seton has reserved for his appendices the most important part of his book, which is a discussion of the possibility of pushing our zone of healthful and profitable habitation much farther north than has so far been considered feasible. The best grain fields of America lie in what was at one time held to be waste land because of its northern location, and the author is confident that there are immense possibilities still farther in the same direction. Man, like the lower animals, he holds, will find his best development in the coldest part of his range in which he can find a sufficient quantity of food. The giant races of original America existed on the buffalo plains of the far Northwest and in Patagonia, just as the giant race of Africa is the Zulu of the Cape. It is the excessive heat of the tropics or the under-feeding of the polar regions that produces the dwarf. As to the region which has already been won, he quotes Henry Ward Beecher's words of about thirty years ago: "You note the class of men going in there—that means brains; you see the endless grain-lands—they mean wealth; you mark those long winter evenings—these mean time to think. There is a rare combination: brains, wealth, and time to think. I tell you there are great things coming out of the Canadian Northwest. Keep your eye on Winnipeg." That there are still farther to the north immense expanses with soil conditions suitable to grain, he has satisfied himself with his own eyes. That killing summer frosts will retreat still further before the axe and plough, as they are alleged to have retreated from parts already gained, is his firm conviction. Where the balsam poplar grows the potato will grow; where the white poplar is found barley is possible, and the jack-pine marks the possibility of wheat. But these terminal lines go far beyond the Northwest limit of the Peace River region, and hence mark that entire region as an easy conquest. The climate of this region he pronounces one of the most salubrious in the world, with no special diseases and no annoying pests but mosquitoes and bull-dog flies, with which experience will teach the settler how to cope, just as it has taught the people of Minnesota and Manitoba. For milk and meat in parts too cold for our ordinary breeds of cattle he is an enthusiastic believer in the possibilities of the yak, or woolly ox, which has proved its adaptability by coming down from its frigid native haunts in Tibet, to live and breed successfully in such sea-level regions as Shanghai, Paris, Antwerp, and the London Zoölogical Gardens. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, some four thousand miles, extends a belt of land with an average width of five hundred miles, fifty States the size of Ohio, let us say, suited admirably to grazing in every respect but the severity of its winters; and to the yak this obstacle would be simply no obstacle at all, but rather the one thing necessary to make it feel really at home! The author is not sanguine enough to believe that people from warm climates are going to flock into this belt at once, when these possibilities are demonstrated. His idea is that Canada should open the way, make access easy by building railways where necessary, and invite immigration from Northern Europe—men and women who already know how to cope with the difficulties of a cold climate and who would be only too glad of the opportunities offered by rich lands at merely nominal prices. Through the generosity of the Duke of Bedford a herd of yaks has been presented to the Canadian Government for breeding purposes, with a view to testing their capacity thus to extend the bounds of a comfortable and prosperous civilization into the north. We have said so much of the immigrant and the yak which the author would introduce that we can only add, concerning the caribou which he went to find, his optimistic conclusion that its numbers still run into the tens of millions, that slaughter of it now is far less than in the past, and that there is no danger whatever of its extinction.

The volume of the Duke of Orleans is made up of descriptive extracts from the diary of a voyage to the Arctic seas in 1909, with various memoranda from voyages made in 1904, 1905, and 1907. The author is a confirmed lover of the deep, and regrets that France has not made a better showing in maritime enterprise:

> If a nation wishes to retain its vigor and to endure, it must nourish a liking for things maritime in its children, and induce them to "go down to the sea in ships." . . . It is at sea that I have experienced the most powerful and poignant emotions of my life, where I have always been most keenly conscious of the presence and pro-

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tection of God; and it is when I have been face to face with the dangers of the sea that I have seen social distinctions vanish, he alone commanding who had proved himself worthy to command.

The northern seas are attractive to him just because of the dangers of the ice and the fogs and gales which constantly threaten. "Those frozen seas have taught me to love even while doubting them; to them I have given part of a wandering exile's life, part of my innermost self." These extracts from the introductory chapter foreshadow a spirited and attractive book, tinctured in every paragraph with the amiable personality of the author, and the reader is not disappointed. Sometimes he becomes quite amusing, as when his elation at the supposed discovery of wild musk-oxen on Walrus Island gives way to disgust upon finding that it is only the domesticated herd of some intrepid outrunner of the civilization which he supposed he had left far behind. "Farewell, then, to my fond illusions; farewell also to my hopes of discovering bears, walruses, and wild musk-oxen! The latter had been domesticated; the former must all have been destroyed or have disappeared inland before the warfare waged upon them by man. The devil take these salaried slaughters—and may Saint Hubert pardon them!" In type, paper, and illustrations (we can hardly include the binding) the book is unusually satisfactory to the eye.

Socialism as It Is: A Survey of the Worldwide Revolutionary Movement. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The vision of Marx and Engels saw the workers of the world, ever growing in numbers, in misery, and in desperation, ruthlessly ruled and exploited by a capitalist class whose numbers were ever shrinking but whose wealth was ever increasing. Finally, driven by the irresistible force of starvation, the multitudinous proletariat would rise in revolt, seize the government in their own interest, expropriate the capitalist class, and establish the new classless Coöperative Commonwealth as the final enduring "synthesis" of the long-drawn (Hegelian) dialectic process of social evolution. Such was the original, orthodox Socialistic dream-picture of the "catastrophic" school. Time and the inexorable force of facts long ago destroyed the baseless fabric; no one any longer believes in the "catastrophe" theory. Now comes William English Walling, one of the "intellectuals" of the American Socialist party, with a new picture of things as they are and a new prophecy of things that are to be—both rather different from the picture and the prophecy of Marx.

In the first place, instead of a small and dwindling group of immensely rich and all-powerful capitalists, Mr. Walling sees a large class of capitalists, great and small, constituting a very considerable percentage of the total population. In the second place, instead of a "middle class" virtually non-existent because it has been almost entirely absorbed by the proletariat, Mr. Walling finds a large class of people "who either on account of their ownership of some slight property or because they receive salaries or fees sufficiently large, must be placed in the middle class"; and this class he finds to be "increasing numerically more rapidly than any other." In the third place, instead of an enormous mass of oppressed, half-starved destitute workingmen constituting the proletariat, Mr. Walling finds a working class which has in fifty years materially bettered its economic position, and is now incited to the class-war on capitalism, not by hunger for food, but by hunger for *equality*—economic, political, and social, in the wide sense of the words. "*No matter how fast wages increase,*" says Mr. Walling, in his own italics, "*if profits increase faster, we are journeying not towards social democracy, but towards a caste society.*" The only thing that will satisfy the true revolutionary Socialist of to-day is the establishment of social democracy with the working class in absolute control of it; no amount of material betterment of the working class is of any consequence to the Socialist unless it is created by means which bring nearer the desired consummation.

Now the grouping of opposing forces in the class war, as Mr. Walling sees it, is very interesting. He finds that we are rapidly passing into "State Socialism," or "Capitalist Collectivism," as a result of the "popular unrest" and uprising against the large corporations. This is what he calls the "New Capitalism," and he expects it to result in excellent and far-reaching reforms which will aid the small capitalist against the large capitalist (and the consumer against both), and result in many and important material benefits to the wageworker, without, however, in the slightest degree improving his relative position as regards the capitalist or bringing him one inch nearer to control of the political power. This condition he expects to endure for some considerable time, while the capitalist class and the working, or propertyless, class contend for the support of the great middle class already mentioned, for these "middle-class millions" are the "bone of contention" between Socialism and capitalism.

Read in connection with Weyl's "New Democracy" (recently reviewed in these columns), Mr. Walling's account of the new Socialism (as we may call it) and of the currents of social evolution as observable to-day, the world over, constitutes a particularly interesting study. Both men are shrewd observers, both impress the reader with a sense of fairness and frankness, and in the pictures drawn by each there is much that is alike. Yet in their views of the ultimate future they are poles apart. The student of Socialism will do well to note in reading Mr. Walling's book how notably Socialism is changing front to adjust itself to the new and greatly improved conditions of the working class, and the similarly changing front of capitalism. Somehow the necessity for the "final synthesis" of the classless commonwealth does not seem so evident in the new alignment as it used to be made to seem under the old catastrophic presentment.

The Constitution and Finance of English, Scottish, and Irish Joint-Stock Companies to 1720. By William Robert Scott, M.A., D.Phil., Litt.D., Lecturer in Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Vol. II, Companies for Foreign Trade, Colonization, Fishing, and Mining; Vol III, Water Supply, Postal, Street Lighting, Manufacturing, Banking, Finance, and Insurance Companies, also statements relating to the Crown Finances. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5; $6.

In the field of commercial and mercantile history, this work of a scholar with business experience in the past, and now a lecturer in political economy at a leading Scottish university, is one of the most notable productions of recent years. It is remarkable, not only for the thoroughness with which the author has surveyed the field of corporate business activity in the British Isles in the period before 1720, so far as joint-stock companies are concerned, but also for the singularly dispassionate and business-like manner in which he has approached the many difficult problems that have arisen. The material for the history of politics and diplomacy is easy of access, as compared with that out of which the history of business endeavor must be wrought, and the qualifications of financial expert and trained historian are all too rarely found in combination. That Dr. Scott possesses both the patience to find and the skill to interpret the meagre and scattered records is indubitable testimony to his sagacity and understanding.

Dr. Scott has dealt with the internal organization and financial administration of some two hundred companies, ranging from such great corporations as the East India Company, the Royal African Company, and the South Sea Company, to the "Proprietors of the Sucking-Worm Engine" and the "Society for Improving Native Manufactures so as to Keep Out the Wet." To some of

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these he has been able to devote from fifty to a hundred and more pages each, and others he dismisses with only a dozen lines or half a page on account of the meagreness of the information obtainable.

From the point of view of economic and financial history, Dr. Scott has entered a field of exceedingly fruitful inquiry, which, as he says in his preface, has been strangely neglected. Though much has been written on the history of the early British companies, the subject has hitherto been treated from the standpoint of ulterior results rather than in relation to the system itself, which made these results possible. Though the first volume, which will record the general development of the joint-stock system and bring it into its proper relation with the chief social, political, industrial, and commercial tendencies which influenced it, is still in press, unexpectedly and unaccountably delayed, and though the author's conclusions regarding the uses of capital after the close of the Middle Ages are, therefore, yet to appear, the volumes before us are exceedingly suggestive, not only to the historian, but also to the searcher for facts and illustrations regarding manners, customs, and ways of living in the British Isles two centuries and more ago.

The first of the volumes thus far issued deals chiefly with the companies that were concerned in foreign trade and colonization, and furnishes a point of view that is both unusual and illuminating. By bringing into line with the companies that were organized for trade only those that were promoted more especially for trade and settlement in America, he is able to show their essential similarity and the unity of the mercantile efforts that lay behind all the commercial activities of that time. Thus the Virginia and Plymouth companies, the company of adventurers that aided the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, the Massachusetts Bay Company, and other lesser organizations, familiar to the student of colonial history, are brought into comparison not only with the companies organized for traffic in Canada, South America, and the West Indies, but also with the other companies whose business was solely for trade in the East—with Russia, the Levant, India, and Africa. From such juxtaposition we see the interacting and co-operating forces, usually lost sight of by writers on early American history, that were effecting the expansion of British commercial interest and were integral factors in the work of settling Virginia and Bermuda, Massachusetts, and old Providence Island. We get a vivid picture of capitalistic energy and ambition in London and elsewhere, undistorted by that bias of hostility or hero-worship which has frequently marred the accounts of older writers. We see the same men concerned with the settlement of America that were interested in the trade with the East, and we can in no inconsiderable measure visualize their movements and determine their motives. Only from such a standpoint can the proper proportions be determined and a means of comparison be obtained, which will present our colonial settlements in their proper light.

One result will be an inevitable recasting of former judgments upon men to whom place has been given in our historical text-books. The most significant of such revisions of opinion concerns certain members of the Virginia Company, Sir Thomas Smythe, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Edwin Sandys, and the Ferrars. Sandys and the Ferrars do not emerge from these pages with unblemished reputations for fair dealing. According to Dr. Scott, they manipulated the records in the interest of their own party, employed methods in the company's elections suggestive of modern machine politics, and were interested to gain financial advantages that would feather their own nests and provide lucrative posts for their own supporters. Warwick and Smythe appear to better advantage. The day has gone by when we can speak of Warwick as the head of the court party, and Smythe showed little of the self-seeking disposition of Sandys, who received as much for one year of service as Smythe did for twelve. Dr. Scott clearly demonstrates that the business of the Virginia Company was not fairly carried on, and that the Sandys party was responsible for much of the mismanagement that threatened the career of the colony and led to the downfall of the company.

To students interested in the every-day life of the period, the third volume is a mine of information. Details can be obtained of the methods of supplying water to London, of conveying letters and parcels, of lighting the streets, of making paper, and of manufacturing silk and linen fabrics. Descriptions are given of the uses of lead, brass, and glass, of the systems of extracting vegetable oils, making soap, and refining sugar, of the manufacture of tapestry, lacquer, leather, and various textiles. Elaborate chapters follow on the Banks of England and Scotland, on fire and marine insurance, and on the crown and national finances, accompanied by statistical tables and a pocket chart of the daily fluctuations of the stocks of the South Sea and East India Companies from May to September, 1720.

We shall look for the publication of the first volume with exceptional interest, but even as it stands the work is of unusual value, deserving hearty recognition.

My Memoirs. By Marguerite Steinheil. Illustrated. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $3 net.

Nothing could be more free from tragic anticipation than the guarded girlhood, surrounded by tenderly affectionate parental solicitude, of Marguerite Steinheil-Japy, as she sometimes styles herself in these Memoirs. The daughter of a rich industrial father, and of a beautiful peasant mother, she was born at Beaufort, a village in the Territoire de Belfort, near the Swiss and German borders, on April 16, 1869. Unlike her brothers and sisters who were sent to boarding-schools, she was brought up at home under the eye of her father, a man of great cultivation and of evident charm, who taught her himself to play the violin, the organ, and the piano, and trained her in connoisseurship and deportment. She also learned to paint and to sing, and, on her long rides and rambles with her father, to love nature and to observe it. Altogether, it was a happy, wholesome childhood and youth to which Mme. Steinheil looks back, marred only by the memory of an unhappy love-affair with a young lieutenant to whom she was betrothed, but from whom she was finally separated by her family through counsels of characteristic French prudence.

Despite all these precautions, however, her transition from girlhood to womanhood was abrupt and rather brutal. Her father died when she was nineteen, and a year later, through the influence of her relatives and largely on the strength of their ironic assurance "that happiness was far safer and more lasting with a man of mature years than with the average young man," she made an ill-mated marriage with the painter, Adolphe Steinheil, who was just twice her age. Henceforth a sinister note begins to sound in her life, and the portents of a tragic *dénouement* are not lacking. Separated from her husband shortly after the birth of a daughter—the Marthe who figured so extensively in the reports of the trial—but continuing to live with him on formal terms for the sake of their child, Mme. Steinheil opened her salon in the Impasse Ronsin and entered feverishly into the manifold excitements of Parisian society. Her circle was political and artistic, and among the friends who remained most faithful to her in her ordeal later on, were many men of international note, such as Henner and Bonnat, the painters, and Massenet, the composer, who was in the habit of styling himself "Your devoted, faithful, obedient, respectful, and punctual accompanist." Of these three, as well as of Coppée, Zola, and many others, Mme. Steinheil has amusing and typical anecdotes. It is evident that she played her part as a hostess well, that her position in society was assured, that she

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even attained to a measure of leadership in certain circles, and acquired political influence that she was not slow to exert on behalf of her husband, friends, and petitioners.

It was this success that, according to her account, first caused her to be remarked by Félix Faure. The President, who seems scarcely less a "bourgeois monarch" than Louis Philippe, made such use of what he regarded as her political sagacity and psychological acumen, that, in her relation with him, Mme. Steinheil, who makes no attempt to draw a veil over her equivocal "friendships," appears less a mistress in the vulgar sense than a royal favorite. The story of the state documents of which he made her the custodian, and of the stolen necklace which gives a strong flavor of romance and melodrama to this whole episode in her life, heightens the illusion and links her with the great ladies who were likewise great courtesans, of the *ancien régime;* though the story of her accusation, her prison experiences, and her trial, will remind the reader rather of that *cause celèbre* of the seventeenth century in which Mme. Brinvilliers was the central figure. When it is recalled that Mme. Steinheil was acquitted—as an accused may be in France, where an agreement of the jury is not necessary either for acquittal or conviction—by a vote of seven to five in her favor, it is seen how narrowly she escaped, not only the actual fate of the notorious poisoner on the scaffold, but the association of their names forever in a common infamy. That she was actually guilty was, indeed, generally assumed by the popular mind, of which the judicial prejudgment of her case was but an accurate reflection; and in the howling Parisian mobs that demanded her death and showered their insults upon her, so that she was moved secretly and under guard from one prison to another, we seem to hear the very voice of Paris itself, always turbulent and bloodthirsty, which has hurled its imprecations and curses at its victims in all ages.

A kindlier feeling prevailed towards Mme. Steinheil before the end, and this, too, is characteristic of Paris, which, having expended its wrath and desire for vengeance, tends in the end, by a kind of emotional recoil, to take to its heart and make martyrs of those whose lives, a moment before, it was demanding with wolfish ferocity. That this mercurial disequilibrium should be echoed in the public press is not surprising; for the newspapers everywhere to-day are, in most cases, only the more articulate voice of the mob. But though we may thus explain it, we cannot help a shudder of horror, disgust, and disquietude at the part played by the press in the case of Mme. Steinheil. She was shamelessly terrorized and betrayed by certain of its representatives, and one who reads her account of the frightful experiences she passed through can wonder less that she committed so many grave errors of judgment, than that she did not utterly break down under the stress and strain of such hounding.

No one has ever been punished for the crime of the Impasse Ronsin, and the identity of its perpetrators remains as mysterious as ever. Mme. Steinheil is inclined to believe—and the facts of the case seem to sustain her theory—that in part, at least, it had a political motive, and that there were factors involved which made its complete clearing up not altogether desirable for those in high quarters. French politics at that time were a hotbed of intrigue, and enough ugly scandals have come to the surface to make the existence of others, more carefully covered up, quite credible. In this aspect, the *affaire Steinheil* connects itself readily with the *affaire Dreyfus*. Indeed, when Félix Faure died, and persistent rumor had it, for a time, that Mme. Steinheil was in some way implicated in his death, it was as a Dreyfusard or an anti-Dreyfusard agent—there was some conflict of opinion on this point—that she was supposed to be acting. Fortunately, in her own case, if it be true that a deliberate attempt was made to hush up a grave scandal by procuring the conviction of an innocent person, this plan was frustrated, and did not lead to a miscarriage of justice worse, because more irreparable, than in the case of Dreyfus. "I feel the shudder of a judicial error," exclaimed the judge, M. de Valles, at the trial, and Mme. Steinheil was acquitted.

Notes

"Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," by James H. Breasted, is announced for early summer by Scribner.

The same house will publish "Types of English Piety," by R. H. Coats.

Sturgis & Walton Company has in press "The Life of Nietzsche," written by his sister, Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche. The work is in two volumes, and the first volume, entitled "The Young Nietzsche," will appear this month.

Francis McCullagh, the English war correspondent, is bringing out, through Herbert & Daniel, "Italy's War for a Desert," in which Italy appears in a very unfavorable light.

Dell H. Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn," promised shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a story of life on the prairies.

A series of modern German novels is coming out in small format neatly printed and bound in cloth, under the title of Ullstein Bücher. They are issued in this country by Brentano's, at the low price of twenty-five cents each. Five volumes which have already come to us are "Thomas Kerkhoven," von Korfiz Holm; "Gewitter im Mai," von Ludwig Ganghofer; "Georg Bangs Liebe," von Karl Rosner; "Frau Agna," and "Mutter," von Heinz Tovote.

From the sixtieth annual report of the trustees of the Boston Public Library we learn that the library now contains a million volumes with a circulation for the past year of 1,612,270 volumes for home use. Of these four hundred are sent every day by delivery wagons to branches, schools, engine houses, and institutions. The cost of maintenance was about $400,000, of which the city contributed $355,200, the remainder being the income from trust funds. The importance of the scholarship work of the library is shown by the fact that "nearly 20,000 students are pursuing their studies either within immediate reach or within easy access of the central library building." The value of the special collections is such as to make it the "Mecca of America for these men and women who are pledged to the service of learning." The retirement of worn-out employees and a pension fund for their support in case of need are recommended.

The dreadful conditions which Jane Addams sets forth, with frankness and sympathy, in "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil" (Macmillan), are, after all, rendered only a little less hideous by the multiplying proofs of deepened public concern at their prevalence. To the well-known facts about the social evil in this country the volume confessedly adds nothing new. What stands out most prominently in Miss Addams's survey is the systematic exploitation of women for immoral purposes, the enormous financial returns to many of the persons involved, the demand for younger and younger victims, and the indifference of important sections of the public to the economic evils which create and foster vice. So long as employers trade, either deliberately or through perverse indifference, on the fundamental economic fact that a woman "has something to sell besides her labor"; so long as otherwise respectable landlords knowingly accept immoral persons as tenants; so long as the law and its administrators treat every woman who falls as though she had thereby become a hardened criminal; and so long as women, by their demand for luxury and their disregard of social responsibility, contribute to make marriage a long-deferred or fleeting relationship, so long, we may be sure, will the "new conscience" in sexual matters have a hard and unremitting fight. Miss Addams's volume is painful reading, but we heartily wish that it might be read and pondered by every man and woman who to-day, in smug complacency, treat with indifference or contempt the great struggle for social purity, or spend in charity the wealth which underpaid labor has made possible for them.

Nothing but citation will do justice to the profundity of Octave Uzanne's observations on "The Modern Parisienne" (Putnam):

> She is a Protean creature. She dresses to attract men. She does her hair herself. The Parisian cook is a middle-aged woman of from thirty-five to forty-five years of age. The *charcutière* is nearly always a fresh and attractive little woman. The *charcutière* is almost always a fat, sleepy brunette. The conduct of dressmakers is not beyond reproach.

In the introduction the Baroness von Hutton mentions some "exquisite little monographs, each a jewel in itself, which

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Charles Dickens would have loved." Here is one of them:

The baker's assistant has no special age. She wears that curious sort of expression, often seen in her class, defying research. She is rarely good-looking or attractive. She is nothing in particular. Her figure is concealed in many folds of thick woollen material which itself is covered by her blue wrapper [*sic*]. On her feet are goloshes. Yet she is not heavy or clumsy; on the contrary, she steps softly and lightly.

Somewhat later, referring to books by Jules Simon, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, and le Comte d'Haussonville, our author thinks these gentlemen "generalize too freely on the subject of the workwomen of Paris." Then through four chapters he "studies" four classes of unfortunate women. At the end of the book he tells us that all of this may be compared to the superficial foam on the sea waves; the true Parisienne lies hidden underneath. In the last sentence but one we learn that "the modest girl, the sober-minded wife, the wise mother, are to be found in Paris in greater numbers than in any other place." By this time we are glad to hear it, for we were thinking that M. Uzanne had confined his investigations to the pages of tenth-rate novels. The quotations illustrate sufficiently the quality of the translation.

Certain "scientific proofs" urged by Sir Almroth Wright against woman's suffrage receive elaborate attention in a monograph on "Feminism" from the pen of May Sinclair (the Women Writers' Suffrage League) On the question of militancy her position is a bit ticklish. She does not wish to defend or condemn it as a general proposal. She insists that "women hate and fear violence; hate and fear to commit it more than they hate and fear to suffer it. They have endured it as they have endured imprisonment, they have endured violent handling and all manner of outrage, over and over again, before they could bring themselves to commit a technical assault upon a window."

Recalling the nursery rule which forbids a girl striking her big brother because big brother cannot hit back, she thinks that in the case of the suffragist "it is the big brother who has violated the pact."

I am not forgetting Mrs. Pankhurst; how, in a "demonstration" in Westminster, she technically struck the policeman who obstructed the perfectly constitutional advance of the suffragists. She did it, if I remember rightly, at his cordial invitation And the policeman was wiser than Sir Almroth Wright. He understood that this was not violence properly so-called. He said "Mrs. Pankhurst, you did it for a purpose." And he showed himself a most enlightened man.

In all the suffrage agitation she can remember no other "classic act of offensive, as distinguished from defensive, violence committed on the human person," except the assault upon Winston Churchill. "I admit that the 'Truce of God' was broken with regard to Mr. Winston Churchill's face, as he could not hit the lady back again. No doubt the lady considered herself the temporary scourge of God."

Prof. Edward L. Thorndike aims in "Education: A First Book" (Macmillan) to get at the bottom of things educational. The possibility of education lies in the neuro-muscular system, our organ for behavior. This is an arrangement for being sensitive to situations, and producing responses which are exactly related, qualitatively and quantitatively, to those situations. This organ includes nerve-cells, or neurones, each one of which acts by receiving a stimulus at one end, conducting it to the other, and there discharging it. Now, each of these neurones is so connected as to receive stimuli from many others and discharge into many others. But these connections are in unstable equilibrium, and so we get the principle that "the physiological basis of education is the modifiability of the synapses between neurones." Incidentally, there are said to be about eleven thousand millions of neurones in the system, which makes the problem somewhat staggering when the author impresses upon us again and again the demand that the production of a given educational result with a child should be made a matter of just as exact and pre-determined scientific procedure as the procuring of some given result in the physical world outside of us, such as the tunnelling of a mountain. "The same situation, acting on the same individual, will produce, always and inevitably, the same response. . . . So the general rule of reason applies to education: *To produce a desired effect, find its cause and put that in action.*"

Now it is true enough that the same kind of lathe, working in the same way on the same kind of block, will produce the same kind of croquet ball always and inevitably, but to delude the young student of pedagogy with the belief that any such degree of sameness in materials and working conditions can be obtained in the field of human education as to make the analogy closely applicable is to lead him hopelessly astray. That education has much to gain from the application to its various problems of the same spirit and method that have characterized great scientific investigators in other fields will be granted by all, but the first condition of real progress must be the recognition of the essential difference between bridging the two sides of the Hudson River and bridging the chasm between the already attained and the attainable in a child's mind. The failure to appreciate that difference runs all through Professor Thorndike's book, in spite of the fact that it contains a mine of helpful suggestion to any intelligent reader. Real scientific progress is not to be promoted by applying identical methods of procedure to materials and conditions that are radically different.

"The Leading Facts of New Mexican History," Vol. I (The Torch Press), by Ralph Emerson Twitchell, gives the impression at first sight of being a work of industrious research, but Prof. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of Texas has made a careful study of the volume for the *American Historical Review*, and has furnished proof, satisfactory to scientific historians, that "the book is . . . purely a compilation, and of the simpler kind, most of the text being either a close paraphrase or a direct copy of two works"; and that this has been done without due acknowledgment of the sources, which are Lowery's "Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561," and Bancroft's "Arizona and New Mexico." Besides these two, there has been a similar use of several other works.

"The Technique of English Non-Dramatic Blank Verse" (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.), by Edward Payson Morton, is an excellent study of blank verse from Surrey to Swinburne. Along with Milton, Landor, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson are included minor names from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as representing tendencies of their time. Dramatic verse is excluded, because in the drama the verse-form is not primary. Comparisons with the heroic couplet, with dramatic blank verse, and between individual poets, are made in statistical form, and the tables are intelligently interpreted. Lines, Cæsuras, Feet are the leading chapter headings; a brief chapter of summary and comment follows, another comparing the individual poets closes the little book of 129 pages. The accuracy of the author's count can be tested only by recounting, but the care given to definition and the general air of good sense tend to give one confidence. The subject may not be inspiring to the general reader, yet serious students of verse-form will find the book interesting, even if one dissents occasionally.

Recent British scholarship has done not a little to draw the sting of the ancient charge that the study of the Germanic past is left too exclusively in the hands of its Continental inheritors. In the wake of Kerr and Chadwick comes R. W. Chambers with a handsome volume on what passes currently in the text-books for the very oldest considerable poetic monument in English ("Widsith, A Study in Old English Heroic Legend," Cambridge University Press; Putnam). Against this study no indictment of insularity can be laid; the scholarly labors of America and the Continent have been scrutinized and ordered with exemplary thoroughness, and drawn upon with excellent good sense. Indeed, the author's resolution of the poem into a seventh century "Ealhhild—Eormanric lay" and a still older "catalogue of kings," plus sundry interpolations, discerningly harks back to the methods of Müllenhoff and ten Brink, though his results, partly owing to a judicious appreciation of Heinzel's work, are not theirs. But the reader will be agreeably disappointed if he anticipates nothing more than a closely reasoned essay in the higher, and drier, criticism. So compendious a poem as "Widsith" demands for its proper illustration a goodly portion of all there is to know about primitive Germanic geography, history, and saga, and this the author supplies in a series of substantial essays which form an excellent introduction to the whole subject. The volume also contains a fully annotated text of the poem, appendices, and maps.

We are pleased to note the appearance of the first number of *Gadelica: A Journal of Modern-Irish Studies* (published by Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin), which promises to be a periodical of some importance in Celtic philology. It is to be a quarterly review, edited by T. F. O'Rahilly, and conducted by the Association of Modern-Irish Studies. Since the *Revue Celtique* and the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* deal with the whole range of Celtic scholarship, and *Eriu* contains chiefly material relating to early Irish, there is no learned journal primarily devoted to Irish philology of the modern period. Even the *Gaelic Journal*, which combined to some extent scientific articles with current

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news and matter of a propagandist character, was discontinued three or four years ago. The field is therefore open for the new undertaking, and there is even urgent need of such an organ of modern Irish research. *Gadelica*, to judge by its first number, will rise worthily to its opportunity. The contents, as might be expected, are largely texts, for it will be a long time before even the more important Irish writings are all accessible in print. But in addition to various interesting documents the journal contains notes and reviews bearing on various problems of linguistics and of literary history.

The larger part of the *National Geographic Magazine* for April is taken up with an account of the Taal volcano and its eruption in January last year by Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the interior of the Philippine Islands, and is the result mainly of his personal observations. Among the forty illustrations are reproductions of some remarkable photographs taken at short range and at the risk of his life by the Government photographer, Charles Martin. The recent coronation of the King of Siam is described by our military representative, Col. Lea Febiger, U. S. A., with twenty-five exceedingly interesting illustrations. A chapter is taken from the Duke of Mecklenburg's "In the Heart of Africa." Among the illustrations are two showing the jumpers attaining the almost incredible height of 8 feet 5 inches. A brief sketch is given of the explorations in Peru by the expedition under the direction of Dr. Hiram Bingham of Yale University.

Dr. W. E. Knickerbocker has published his thesis, "Ellipsis in Old French" (for sale at the Columbia University Bookstore). He discusses in particular those phases of ellipsis which are presumably unconscious: the loss of words of one or two letters through coalescence with following identical sounds, and the "non-repetition of closely recurring words and syllables." Many of the conclusions are uncertain, as the preëlliptic stage is often hypothetical, but the book is none the less a valuable contribution to the study of Old French syntax. It is particularly interesting in its suggestions as to the origin of certain usages that have survived in modern French.

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster died last week at her home in South Orange, N. J., aged seventy-four. As editor, she is, perhaps, best known, having been on the staffs of several periodicals, including *Harper's Bazar*, the *Christian Herald*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Among her published works are: "Hours with Girls," her first pronounced success, which sold as well in England as it did in this country; "May Stanhope and her Friends," "Splendid Times," "Miss Dewberry's Scholars," "Five Happy Weeks," "Poems of the Household," "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," "On the Road Home," "Easter Bells," "Winsome Womanhood," "Little Knights and Ladies," "Janet Ward," "Eleanor Lee," "Lyrics of Love," "When Angels Come to Men," "Good Manners for All Occasions," "Little Kingdom of Home," "The Story Bible," "Fairest Girlhood," "The Queenly Mother in the Realm of Home," "The Joyful Life," and "From My Youth Up."

The death is reported from London, at the age of seventy-eight, of the Rev. John Sheepshanks, for many years Bishop of Norwich. Among his writings are: "Confirmation and Unction of the Sick," "Charge. Eucharist, and Confession," and "The Pastor in the Parish."

Science

HOSPITAL-WORK AT THE CANAL.

Ancon Hospital looks down from the terraced slope of Ancon Hill upon Panama City, where the sun rises out of the Pacific. Its hundred and more buildings are so spaced as to combine practical compactness with abundant air, room, and comeliness. Cool breezes play over and through them, day and night, unceasing.

On the eighth of last February, 1,207 patients lay in the cots, while the newest case was card-catalogued No. 114,806. February, nevertheless, is among the most healthful months of the year; on July 22 of last year, the hospital housed 1,488 patients. This figure seems high, but, not only does Ancon receive virtually every case of injury and disease in the whole Canal Zone, from Colon to Panama, with the exception of emergency surgical cases at Colon, Cristobal, and Gatun, but also such Panamanian sick as can pay for service, all the Republic's insane, and a considerable number of outside pay and charity patients. Adding the Zone's population of about 88,000 to that of the Republic of Panama, it appears that Ancon ministers to the needs of some 155,000 people.

Of the total number of pavilions composing the present hospital, a considerable proportion were constructed by the French in the sad old harvest days of death and failure. In the single matter of ventilation these needed little change, but they entirely lacked protection from mosquitoes, and, incredible as it may seem, possessed neither bathrooms nor closets, the French water supply being planned only for drinking purposes, cooking, and scant and occasional spongings. All this has, of course, been altered. Each building is now thoroughly screened, has abundant water supply, closets, and baths, with tubs, showers, etc., and is fitted with electricity. The entire hospital is arranged on the separate pavilion system. The wards, each surrounded by its broad, screened balcony, are arranged in groups of various shapes, sometimes end to end, in line, sometimes on three sides of a square.

For administrative purposes, the plant is handled in two divisions—the hospital proper and the insane department. The former division is again subdivided into the medical clinic, the surgical clinic, the eye and ear clinic, and the board of health laboratory. An outpatient department, presided over by the chiefs of clinic, treats about 1,000 cases monthly. The medical group includes a separate tuberculosis ward and an isolation building. The surgical group, with its 420 beds, centres in the operating-room, a cement-floored, virtually open-air hall, supplied with modern equipment and with several tables, to permit as many simultaneous operations. The staff here consists of twelve or thirteen surgeons. They constitute the actual working force of the operating-room, being assisted therein by only three nurses, who never handle the instruments.

Under Col. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, the superintendent of Ancon Hospital, is Lieut.-Col. Charles F. Mason of the Medical Corps, U. S. A. Col. Mason's staff, numbering about thirty physicians and surgeons, is composed without exception of paid civilians, brought from the States. His nurses, male and female, number from eighty-five to one hundred, and are all graduate, trained nurses of two years' experience, selected in the States by civil service examination. The male nurses, of whom there are from fifteen to twenty, are used in certain of the black male wards. The women of the force have the help of black West Indian maids at the asylum and in the ambulance service. To assist in the nursing and cleaning there are also about 150 attendants and 35 maids, all West Indian blacks. One feature of great significance in this pioneer institution is the Board of Health laboratory, so called because it performs not only the vastly important clinical laboratory work of the Hospital, but also equally vital work for the entire sanitary department, as well as for other departments of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The laboratory staff consists of a chief and two assistant physicians, carried respectively as bacteriologist and pathologist, a chemist, a physiologist, and the usual laboratory helpers. The field that these men cover, the variety and value of their labor, can scarcely be overestimated.

The Isthmus of Panama, before the Medical Corps of our army took it in hand, was easily one of the deadliest pest-holes on earth, chiefly owing to the virulence of its special demons, yellow and malarial fever. To-day, on the Isthmus, yellow fever has faded into an "historic disease," no endemic case having occurred in Panama since November, 1905, or in Colon since May, 1906. As for malaria, its annual average, in 1906, of 1,200 to the thousand (these figures include those who had the fever more than once in the year, each case being counted), had been beaten down in 1911 to a paltry 81. This virtual abolition of the two specific diseases of the place leaves two maladies of the Temperate Zone, pneumonia and tuberculosis, the chief offenders. And the death-rate of Panama, Colon, and

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the Zone, for 1910 and 1911, respectively, was 21.18 per 1,000 and 21.46 per 1,000, that of New York city being 21.72 per 1,000 for the year 1909.

Much of its great success the Hospital owes to its laboratory. Dr. Darling, the chief of the laboratory, for example, taking an innocent young family of mosquitoes bred from larvæ and unspotted by the world, led them to the hospital ward and "bit" them on patients about to be dismissed as cured of malaria. Then he shut them up, and later on dissected their intestinal tracts under the microscope. By this test was established the highly important but hitherto unsuspected fact that men were being discharged from the hospital while yet enough malarial parasites remained in them to infect susceptible Anophelines, and therefore to spread that curse that cost the French their lives, their fortunes, and their enterprise. Malarial parasites in the blood of the patients had been so reduced in number by treatment in the hospital that the usual "blood-test" could not find them. Only this research with the mosquitoes betrayed them. Now not a man goes out of Ancon Hospital carrying the poison.

Searching dead rats for fleas sounds like the symbol of loathly futility. Yet Col. Gorgas's rat-catching brigade brings monthly to the hospital more than 3,000 of these creatures, and any fleas found on them are examined for the plague bacillus. Which, being interpreted, means that the hideous bubonic, so lately a terror in the land, is kept out by work indicated from the laboratory. When an epidemic of the sleeping sickness broke out among the commissary mules, it was the Ancon laboratory men who proved that the disease was transmittable, not by a biting horse fly, as had been previously supposed, but by the ordinary house fly. Then they showed the quartermaster's department what to do. By this and by many similar dealings the laboratory has saved the Government great inconvenience and large sums of money in the matter of live stock alone.

The Canal Zone draws its abundant water supply from six large reservoirs. This water is so pure that you may drink it from any tap as safely as if it bubbled from the rocky crown of Mount McKinley. Now the United States, of course, controls the watershed. And, equally of course, Col. Gorgas polices that shed to within an inch of its life. But, again, the ultimate check on all possible harm lies in Ancon Hospital laboratory. Of the six great reservoirs, some deliver their water directly, some through alum mechanical filters. But the waters of each of the six are examined bacteriologically, chemically, and microscopically once a month. The mechanical filters are examined chemically every month, two or three samples being taken, and bacteriologically every day or two. On occasion, special examinations of the various supplies are made more frequently.

No one who looks into the work of the department of sanitation as a whole can fail to appreciate its deep and far-sighted economy. Only one who knows the usual gait of private or governmental enterprise in the lower tropics can justly value the conscientious hard work spent on devising schemes to do Ancon's business while saving Government money.

To give an example or two, the most noteworthy economy evolved in Ancon is one of pure innovation. During the summer of 1910 the hospital's consumption of gauze and gauze bandages was very heavy, the number of surgical cases averaging 348 daily. Under the necessity of saving, Col. Mason then determined to try washing and re-using bandages from non-infected cases. The plan worked so well that it has now become the regular practice. This washed gauze the surgeons actually prefer to the fresh article, as softer and more absorbent. And the saving to the Government amounts to no less a sum than $5,000 annually.

A considerable and constantly growing source of actual income to the hospital is the influx of paying patients from Central and South America. Attracted at first by Ancon's fine record in surgical cases, some few wealthy persons from Chili, Peru, Guatemala, etc., who otherwise would have gone to Europe for operations, stopped off experimentally at Ancon. These went home delighted with the skill with which they had been handled, the comfort in which they had been housed, and the kindliness that had uniformly surrounded them. They rapidly spread the fame of Ancon along the whole coast, from Mexico to the Cape, and to-day nearly half the private rooms of the hospital are occupied by South or Central Americans, while a growing stream begs hard for space. Ancon Hospital, it is said, is helping to establish better relations between this country and our southern neighbors.

By far the greatest achievement of Ancon Hospital is its success in handling malaria. The sanitation department has so dealt with the Zone that the number of malarial cases brought into hospital, expressed as a percentage of the Isthmian Commission's entire working force, fell from a monthly average of 6.83 per cent. in 1906 to 1.55 per cent. in 1910, and in 1911 to 1.54 per cent. And Cols. Gorgas and Mason believe that the time is near when malaria will have become, like yellow fever, an "historic malady." But present conditions prevent its utter extirpation. Governed by the time at which the rains set in, the malaria rate shows a sharp rise in May. During the heavy downfall of June and July, pools form along the ever-changing areas of new construction faster than the mosquito brigade can get at them with shovels and machetes and larvicide. So the fever figure mounts rapidly. By August, however, the sanitation department has the whole range well in hand, and the percentage quickly drops almost to the vanishing point. Without going into details, it is enough to state—and the statement is based on long personal experience—that the most enlightened practice in other portions of South America and in the West Indies does not cure malaria, but at best merely subdues it till it gathers headway for another outbreak, which finds the victim always weaker than before. Now, Ancon cannot afford to have its patients coming back. So, by a procedure of its own evolving, it at once and completely clears the disease from the patient's system. And it handles the malignant type that kills in twenty-four hours as surely as it does the familiar old tertian variety, in which all South America has its being and which lets you live ten days if you do not bother it.

The other evening at Tivoli a famous German professor stood looking down the lobby at its crowd of notables and tourists. Suddenly he leaned forward while his eyes flashed.

"See him! See him there, by the second pillar! Quick! Look quick!" he urged his companion. "That is the Col. Gorgas. And Col. Gorgas, my friends" —here the big fist came down with a bang—"is a greater man—a far, far greater man—than Cæsar."

KATHERINE MAYO.

Drama

Compton Mackenzie is making a dramatic version of his novel, "Carnival," for the use of Gerald du Maurier.

Among the interesting incidents of the future, in London, is the promised revival by Charles Frohman of "The Amazons" of Pinero. The three girls will be embodied by Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Pauline Chase, and Marie Löhr. Some of the players in the original cast were Lily Hanbury, Ellaline Terriss, Pattie Browne, Rose Leclercq, and Frederick Kerr.

"Behind the Curtain" is the name of a new play by Michael Morton, which will be seen soon in London. It is said to tell a strong love story, and is written in four acts, with scenes in and out of England.

"Sumurûn" appears to have met with a cool reception in Paris.

M. Le Bargy has left the company of the Théâtre Français, after a membership of thirty-one years. He has been engaged, at a great salary, to act at the Porte St. Martin.

It is announced from London that Macdonald Hastings, the fortunate young author of "The New Sin," has agreed to rewrite the fourth act before the piece is produced in this country. The fact is not altogether reassuring, with regard to the

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quality of the play or the convictions of the dramatist, but it is only fair to remember that the original ending was pronounced unsatisfactory by more than one critic. More disquieting is the report that Mr. Hastings has contracted to deliver four new plays, to as many managers, within the year. He cannot be blamed, of course, for wanting to make all the theatrical hay he can while the managerial sun is shining, but hasty production is not conducive to good work. Everybody knows what irreparable mischief it did to the artistic reputation of Clyde Fitch. Such reflections, of course, do not enter into the calculations of speculative managers, whose one idea is to get the name of a successful dramatist upon their bill-board as quickly as possible.

"The Norseman" (The Mosher Press), a drama in four acts, by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, is superior in quality to many recent essays of the kind. The blank verse in which it is written is not distinguished by any special brilliancy of diction or lofty flights of imagination, but is always clear, fluent, and rhythmical, contains many effective bits of pictorial description, and is not lacking either in vigor or sentiment. Doubtless the piece would require a certain amount of remodelling and compression to make it suitable for actual theatrical representation, but it is dramatic in spirit as well as in form. It tells the story of Frithiof and Ingeborg, as set forth in the ancient Frithiof saga, and in its details follows the original with notable fidelity. The principal personages are depicted vividly and with consistency. Frithiof is a heroic figure, and Ingeborg an attractive study of noble, devoted womanhood. The traitorous Helge, old Sigurd, and the trusty Bjorn—the Horatio to Frithiof's Hamlet—are all characters which would afford rich opportunities to good romantic actors. The later acts are full of stirring matter, and several of the scenes—such as those dealing with the venture of the disguised Frithiof into the banqueting hall of his successful rival and his subsequent discovery—are not only well imagined, but exhibit an appreciation of theatrical needs. Altogether the play, both on the literary and dramatic side, is an uncommonly promising performance.

Four volumes of the "Ben Greet Shakespeare, for Young Readers and Amateur Players" (Doubleday, Page) have come to hand. They contain "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest," in more or less condensed form and specially arranged for representation. The right-hand pages are devoted to the text, the left-hand pages to brief notes of explanation and directions for stage management. Few men are better qualified than Mr. Greet for work of this sort. For many years he has been identified with Shakespearean productions with and without scenery, on the regular stage, on the platform, or out of doors. He knows all the traditions and is master of all the tricks of the stage. Moreover, he is an enthusiastic and competent Shakespearean student. Therefore, in dealing with the rudimentary points of his profession, as he does now, he speaks with authority and his instructions are precise and sound. Much of his matter is, of course, old, but it is offered here in peculiarly convenient shape, and will be invaluable to beginners. The plays are printed in admirable type and are appropriately illustrated.

H. M. Beatty has written a translation of "Flachsmann als Erzieher" ("Master Flachsmann"; Duffield), the three-act comedy of Otto Ernst, in which the old red tape style of German schoolmaster is mercilessly satirized. He has done his work well, and the piece is well worth reading, not only for its enlightened views on youthful education, but for its clever character sketches. But it is too thoroughly Teutonic in its incidents and atmosphere to have any wide appeal here, in the theatre or out of it. The story, which tells how a vulgar impostor obtained the headmastership of a Government school, by exhibiting the papers of his dead brother, and thereafter, for thirty years, successfully defied the vigilance of inspectors and commissioners, until he was betrayed by an accomplice, is neither ingenious nor credible. But the characterization is vital and comic, and it is easy to believe that the play has had great popularity in many parts of Germany. All the minor schoolmasters—in their varying degrees of incompetency and subserviency—are cleverly and humorously drawn, while the peppery but thoroughly sane commissioner, Dr. Prell, the deus ex machinâ, who finally detects and deposes the rascally chief—replacing him with the one intelligent assistant whom he has systematically snubbed and bullied—is an admirably lifelike figure, which would be wonderfully effective in the hands of a good comedian. Perhaps the heaven-made tutor who at the last comes into his own, is somewhat overidealized, but he is completely human, at least, in his love for the piquant Gisa Holm, and his courtship of her provides some of the choicest episodes in the play.

Music

Paris had to wait more than two years for a first hearing of Puccini's last opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," and even then it was not the Grand Opéra's own company that gave it, but Raoul Gunsbourg's Monte Carlo Company, including, on this occasion, Caruso, Titta-Ruffo, and Carmen Mélis. Puccini was present at the Parisian première and shared the plaudits. The conductor was Serafino; the manager was praised for providing a picturesque scenic setting. There were no scenes of wild enthusiasm like those which occurred at the New York première of this mediocre opera. In its musical atmosphere the opera is much more Parisian and Italian than American, as we all know. The Parisian could hardly be expected to know it. The *Figaro's* critic remarks on this point: "We are poor judges to decide how far 'La Fille du Far-West' is 'American' or otherwise. But the rag-time of the banjo music plays a prominent part in it and produces some very happy effects." As a whole, this critic accounts it Puccini's best work since "Manon Lescaut," with the exception of "Madama Butterfly." The commentator of the *Echo de Paris* was so fortunate as to find the last act "intensely melodic." The *Comœdia* discovered the same characteristics that account for Puccini's previous successes. All of the critics praise Belasco's libretto.

By far the best news that has come from the other side of the ocean for many a moon is the fact that Humperdinck is completely restored to health, and is already at work on two new scores, one, an operetta concerned with German student life; the other, a musical fairy story. For both of them he made a number of jottings in his note-book before he was allowed to touch a piano. After spending some months in Rome and Frascati he made a Rhine journey, and before the end of the second week in May he was strong enough to undertake three-hour walks. His recovery was accelerated by the pleasant news that he had been elected vice-president of the Berlin Royal High School of Music.

The Titanic tragedy has been chosen by the Russian composer, Glazounoff, as the basis of a symphony. The "Nearer My God to Thee," which the band played as the ship went down, is to recur in it as a leading motive.

The three American managers, Dippel, Russell, and Gatti-Casazza, were all in Paris a few weeks ago seeking fresh recruits for their operatic armies. Dippel is particularly sanguine about his Pacific Coast tour. As not all of the towns included in it have large enough theatres for his purposes, he has obtained the huge tent, holding 10,000, which Sarah Bernhardt used during her last tour, and this he expects to fill, for he will have Tetrazzini and Mary Garden, and Sammarco, and other great stars. The open-air performance at Santa Barbara of Victor Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma," will begin at six o'clock, so that the sunset will provide a suitable scenic background. Among Dippel's new singers will be a young Italian tenor from Egypt, of whom he expects great things.

A number of friends and admirers of the Parisian composer, Théodore Dubois, gave a concert in his honor the other evening, with himself officiating at the piano. The performance was preceded by a speech, in which Maurice Emmanuel recalled the principal events in Dubois's life. As a student at the Conservatoire he obtained his first prizes (for harmony, fugue, and organ playing) in 1856 to 1859. Two years later he carried off the Grand Prix de Rome. On his return from Italy he devoted himself to composing and teaching. He became chapel master in turn of Saint-Clotilde and the Madeleine, and in 1871 he got an appointment as professor of harmony at the Conservatoire. In 1896 he became its director, having been elected two years previously a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. He has written a number of masses and cantatas, and also works for the stage, the most successful of which were "La Guzla del Emir," "Le Pain bis," "La Farandole," and "Eben Hamet." The programme of the concert referred to consists entirely of his own pieces and songs.

The discovery of a hitherto unknown Good Friday Cantata by Beethoven was announced some time ago by Professor Abert of Halle in No. 126 of the *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*. Since then the professor has found out that the cantata is not by Beethoven, though it is based on one of his compositions—one of two quartets for

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trombones (known as "Equale") which he composed in 1812 for the director of the town music in Linz. When Beethoven died, his friend, Ignatz Ritter von Seyfried, set these quartets for voices (supplying them with Latin and German texts) as a part of the musical service at the funeral on March 29, 1827. In this form they had a considerable vogue for a time. Subsequently, another musician, whose name is not known, took the liberty of elaborating these quartets into a Passion Cantata for mixed chorus and an instrumental score, including three clarionets, three horns, and three trombones.

A collection of musical autographs of rare value was bequeathed to the Paris Conservatoire by the late Charles Malherbe, who for years had been librarian of the Paris Opéra. Among them are a number of heretofore unprinted letters of Berlioz, written at various times in the period 1830 to 1855, from Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Some of them have been printed by the *Revue Bleue*.

Art

Rembrandt's Etchings: An Essay and a Catalogue. By Arthur M. Hind. In two volumes: I, The Text; II, The Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7 net.

Mr. Hind has made the British Museum collection of Rembrandt etchings the basis of a chronological catalogue, filling the very few gaps in the London series from other sources. It was a happy inspiration to depart from the traditional classification by subjects, and the chronological arrangement, though naturally open to criticism in details, is on the whole singularly satisfactory. The album will be a delight to disinterested students of Rembrandt's art, while the catalogue is indispensable to collectors and curators. Mr. Hind has gone beyond the immediate task. He gives a brief history of the growth of the Rembrandt canon; an account of the vicissitudes of the original coppers, some seventy of which are still extant; an essay on Rembrandt's artistic development, and a study of the drawings, with thirty-three reproductions, as sidelights on Rembrandt's draughtsmanship.

Since critical estimates of Rembrandt's authentic etchings vary from about seventy to three hundred and seventy numbers, chief interest attaches to the make-up of the list. Mr. Hind gives as genuine 303 plates, admitting doubts as to half-a-dozen subjects, while he is inclined to consider the claims of a few plates relegated to the supplementary list of apocrypha, which includes eighty-six numbers. His personal opinion is that there are something less than three hundred genuine etchings. To weigh the evidence for authenticity is impracticable within the space of a review, but a word may be said on the principle of exclusion by which Legros and Seymour Haden made out their sparse selections. Admirable etchers both, they simply rejected all plates that seemed deficient in craftsmanship, Haden taking somewhat the more lenient view. They both adopted the simple formula: If Rembrandt etched such and such a plate, then he was not a great etcher. Their lists have the merit of all anthologies made by competent taste. The average art-lover might do well to confine his attention to these select lists. But the criterion seems dangerously subjective. It ignores the fact that in painting Rembrandt is of very uneven merit. And on the documentary side it utterly fails to account for a matter of two hundred plates, many of which literally bear Rembrandt's handwriting in his signature. These prints are contemporary, and in most cases there seems to be no reasonable accounting for them except as genuine. There could have been no motive for multiplying forgeries of Rembrandt in his slighter vein. His best prints were barely salable. And if the prints rejected by the purists are not by Rembrandt, they can only be forgeries. The many honest copies made for practice by his pupils and imitators are easily recognizable. Mr. Hind's chronological arrangement in almost every case vindicates the challenged etchings, and, subject to minor modifications, his canon seems likely to be definitive.

In the vexed matter of states, he pursues a conservative course. Nothing but new etched work or deliberate cancellation or change in the form of the plate constitutes a state. This is the opposite of the course of the Russian expert, Rovinski, for whom any palpable change, including that produced by accident of printing or wear of the copper, constituted a state. If this practice were rigorously carried out there would be as many states of the slighter dry-points as there are impressions, for with every printing the burr yields a little. Such collations of various impressions are in themselves interesting and worthy of record, but the conservative method of limiting states by the intention of the artist is certainly preferable. It is perhaps unreasonable to wish that more definite clues to the retouching of the plates in the eighteenth century had been given—it would perhaps have required inordinate labor—but such information would have been invaluable to the novice who is neither used to comparison of impressions nor yet versed in the subject of old papers. Blanc's catalogue retains its serviceableness in giving plainly the points of the finer impressions. A stranger omission in Mr. Hind's catalogue is the failure to note the plates entirely or mostly worked with the dry-point. It may be urged that even in the facsimiles the procedure is generally clear, but there are ambiguous cases upon which the verdict of an expert is desirable. Moreover, the discrimination, which is pretty obvious to a real student, is by no means plain to a beginner.

The album does not include the indecent subjects, and for a popular publication no other course was possible. But these subjects do, after all, concern the special student. The publishers of the "Klassiker der Kunst" meet the difficulty by supplying the "broad" subjects on request, and this compromise may be commended to the publishers of the present catalogue. In passing, it may be said that the early state of No. 130, with the plate corners unrounded, has recently been seen by the present writer. Rovinski has correctly described this rare first state.

Only continued use can test the accuracy of an elaborate catalogue. Your critic has worked through some thirty originals and old copies of various dates and impressions, and has found that the catalogue met every need and betrayed no errors. Its convenience, low price, and authoritative character make it a positive boon to the student and collector, and a most desirable possession for the unprofessional art-lover.

Finance

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.

It is sometimes interesting, when the middle of the year is nearly reached, to glance back at the predictions which were current when the year began, and see how far they have thus far been fulfilled. Such a test often gives a reasonably clear idea as to how things are actually drifting. Out of a considerable number of bank presidents at various points throughout the country, whose opinions on the outlook were published by the New York *Evening Post* on December 30, 1911, virtually all predicted that we should have no further reaction in general trade in 1912, but nearly all agreed that improvement would be slow and gradual during the first six months, and that the genuine expansion which most of them looked for would come after midsummer, and possibly not until the trend of the Presidential contest had been made clear.

So much of their prediction has certainly been verified. Business thus far in 1912 has undoubtedly been better; there have been some forward starts of real activity—as in the cotton-goods trade a month ago; home consumption in the copper industry was shown last week to be on the largest scale since 1909, and steel production has been of very unusual volume. Yet, for all this, most people in the mercantile trades will probably testify that improvement has been slow, and, if measured by the hopes entertained in December, disappointing.

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Looking both backward and forward, it will perhaps be worth while to sum up concisely what are to-day the grounds for favorable expectations and what are the grounds of discouragement, and then to see what there is to offset them both. Most people would doubtless place first upon their list the remarkable movement in the steel trade. The expansion which has come since the opening of the year was confidently predicted by certain high trade authorities, so long ago as last November; but it was received with skepticism. It has come, however. The country's iron output in May was larger by 25 per cent. than in December, and this occurred in the face of a continuous decrease in unsold supplies; the steel mills have lately been turning out the largest volume of finished goods in their whole history, and the Steel Corporation's orders for future delivery, by its last report, were 14 per cent. above those of last December. As against this encouraging showing of the country's consuming power, the steel trade itself alleges disappointment at the slow advance in prices from their recent low level and at the consequently meagre margin of profit.

The huge excess of exports in our foreign trade is usually cited next; for the ten months last reported on, it was $43,000,000 above the preceding year, and in fact has never been exceeded save in the very abnormal American export years 1908, 1901, and 1898. It has resulted in a very unusual credit balance, loaned out by American banks on the Continental markets. The possibly less favorable aspect of this showing is that the greater part of that export surplus was achieved before 1911 was ended; that thus far in 1912, our outward balance does not greatly exceed the same months a year ago, and that even this result has been brought about largely by our enormous cotton exports, whereas the next cotton crop is much of an uncertainty.

Finally, it will be pointed out, as it was six months ago, that a period of prolonged retrenchment and economy has placed the country's general business in a strong position to benefit normally by trade revival. This is a sound and legitimate consideration; that it still applies, is shown by reports, from almost every industry, that no one is burdened by heavy stocks of unsold goods, carried on borrowed money. The other side is usually summed up in the statement that readiness for a forward movement of prosperity is not the forward movement.

Perhaps, after all, the best arguments for the strength of the present position are negative in character. People who look on the darker side of things point to the spirit of popular unrest and the numerous industrial troubles. But the most striking chapter in the experience of the present year has been the immunity of this country from such formidable industrial battles as the English coal strike, the success in applying the principles of compromise and arbitration, and the absence of any disturbance on financial markets, as a result of the threatened strikes. So, too, of the political commotion, and of the Presidential contest which so many financial prophets thought must be a blight on trade revival. The struggle began, in the most violent and radical shape, fully two months earlier than usual; yet financial markets refused to be disturbed by it, and the testimony from mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural centres throughout the country has thus far been to the effect that politics was not an influence.

The pessimist will cite, last of all, the crop uncertainty, and there can be no doubt that hopes and expectations would have been pitched considerably higher now, if our winter wheat had started the season brilliantly, and our cotton had gone into the ground under ideal conditions. But except for the early wheat crop, the agricultural season has barely begun at the end of the first week in June. We may hear a very different story later.

If the first six months of 1912 have been disappointing to the enthusiastic souls, they have at least fulfilled the best predictions of the conservative prophets of December 31. History will remind us, moreover, that the first six months of 1879, of 1897, of 1900, and of 1904—four years which ended in a burst of reviving prosperity—made up in each case a period of profound discouragement.

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Augé-Laribé, Michel. L'Evolution de la France agricole. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.

Barley, J. W. The Morality Motive in Contemporary English Drama. Mexico, Mo.: Missouri Ptg. and Pub. Co. 50 cents net.

Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Practical Mathematics and Geometry. Part II, Advanced Course. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Bayet, Albert. Le Mirage de la Vertu. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.

Bennett R. P. D. What I Tell My Junior Congregation. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $1 net.

Bieber, Hugo. Johann Adolf Schlegels Poetische Theorie. Teil I. (Inaugural Dissertation). Berlin: Mayer & Müller.

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Boynton, H. W. The World's Leading Poets—Homer, Virgil, Dante, etc. Holt. $1.75 net.

Bratli, Charles. Philippe II, roi d'Espagne. Paris: H. Champion.

Bray, M. M. Wayside Blossoms. Boston: Badger.

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Cain, Georges. Byways of Paris. Trans. by L. S. Houghton. Duffield. $2.50 net.

Canby, H. S., and others. English Composition in Theory and Practice. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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Coolidge, A. C. On the Watchtower. Boston: The Author.

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Crane, T. T. The Reason Why. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.

Crispi, Francesco. Memoirs. 2 vols. Doran. $7 net.

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Flexner, Simon. Infection and Recovery from Infection. (Hamilton Lecture.) Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

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Gen. S. H. An Anglo-Saxon Abbot, Ælfric of Eynsham: A Study. Scribner.

Gigot, F. E. Christ's Teachings Concerning Divorce. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.

Godard, André. Le Procès du Neuf Thermidor. Paris: Bloud. 3.50 francs.

Goldmark, Josephine. Fatigue and Efficiency. Charities Pub. Committee. $3.50.

Groner, Augusta. Mene Tekel: A Tale. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Gulliver, Lucile. The Friendship of Nations: A Story of the Peace Movement, for Young People. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.

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Hall, A. S. A Glossary of Important Symbols. Boston, Mass.: Bates & Guild Co.

Halsey, Forrest. The Bawlerout. Desmond FitzGerald. 75 cents net.

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Harding, T. W. Tales of Madingley, Cambridge, England: Bowes & Bowes.

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Hazlitt, W. C. Shakespear, Himself and His Work (Fourth Edition). London: Quaritch.

Hebberd, S. S. The Philosophy of the Future. Revised edition. New York, Borough of Queens: Maspeth Pub. House. $1.50.

Hedgcock, F. A. David Garrick and His French Friends. Duffield.

Hines, Jack. Seegar and Cigareet. Doran. 50 cents net.

Home University Library. Nos. 39 to 46, inclusive. Holt. 50 cents net.

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Key, Ellen. The Torpedo under the Ark, "Ibsen and Women," Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.

Laufer, Berthold. Jade: A Study in Chinese Archæology and Religion. Chicago: Field Museum.

Long, J. L. Baby Grand. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

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Marshall, A. M. The Frog: Anatomy, Histology, and Embryology. Eleventh edition. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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